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No. 988

NOVEMBER 3, 1888

THE
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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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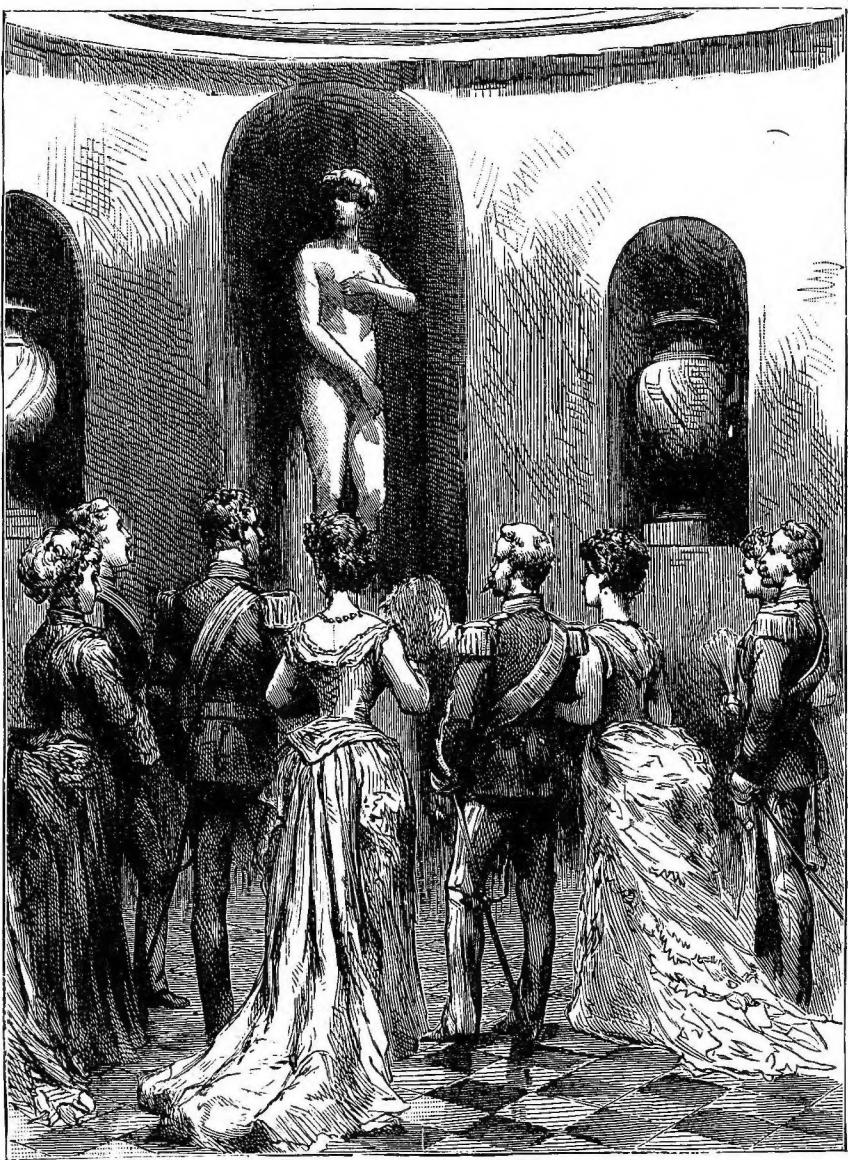
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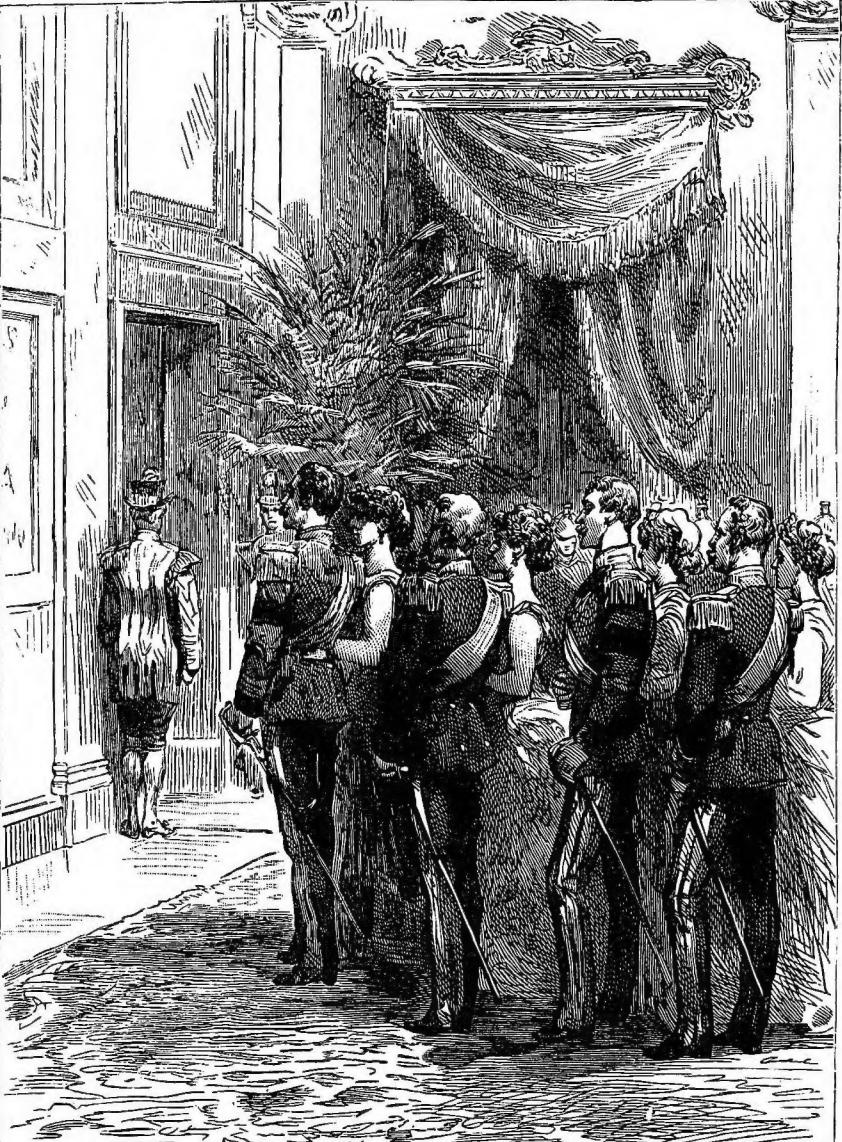
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888

ENLARGED TO
TWO SHEETS

PRICE NINEPENCE
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THE ROYAL PARTY BEFORE THE CAPITOLINE VENUS



THE KING OF ITALY, WITH HIS IMPERIAL GUESTS IN THE GREAT HALL, INSPECTING
THE TABLET COMMEMORATIVE OF THE EMPEROR'S VISIT

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO ITALY
THE MUNICIPAL SOIRÉE IN THE CAPITOL, ROME



LADIES' DRIVING COMPETITION AT A COLOMBO GYMKHANA MEETING
WINNING THE GOLD BANGLE



LORD SACKVILLE.—The Americans have certainly not covered themselves with honour by the manner in which they have treated Lord Sackville; and, when the excitement of the Presidential Election is over, probably they themselves will be disposed to admit that they might with advantage have displayed a little more self-control. Had the British Minister publicly interfered in the domestic politics of the United States, the indignation excited by his letter would have been natural and right. But he did nothing of the kind. His letter was marked "Private," and it never occurred to him that it would be printed. Do American politicians really believe that a foreign representative at Washington has no right even to form an opinion about the merits of rival candidates for the Presidency, or to express his personal view in correspondence which, so far as he is concerned, is not intended for publication? It would be ridiculous to attribute to them any such absurd notion; and, this being so, it is hard to understand in what respect Lord Sackville gave just occasion of offence. It is said, indeed, that he ought to have seen that a trap had been laid for him; and no doubt this would have been perfectly plain to him if he had been a tricky party politician. But an ordinary gentleman may be excused for not having been sharp enough to discover that his correspondent was an impostor. Mr. Blaine and other Republican leaders at once saw an opportunity of damaging their opponents by denouncing what they were pleased to call British dictation, and by pointing to Lord Sackville's letter as proof that President Cleveland was a candidate in England's interest. More utter rubbish was never spoken, even on political platforms; yet the Democrats, in their turn, have been unscrupulous enough to break off all relations with the Minister. The incident throws a strange light on the methods of American politicians, and will hardly tend to heighten the respect of mankind for democratic institutions.

MR. GOSCHEN ON HOME RULE.—A Scottish audience—and especially an audience composed of hard-headed Aberdonians—expects something more from its political speakers than the sonorous commonplaces and vague generalities which too often do duty for argument on the Southern side of the Border and across the Irish Sea. Mr. Goschen endeavoured to meet this demand in his speech of Tuesday last. He pointed out the dangers encompassing any possible scheme of Home Rule such as would be acceptable, even ostensibly, to the Irish malcontents, and he challenged Mr. Gladstone to produce a definite plan, now that the Bill of 1886 has practically been consigned to oblivion even by its own supporters. Judging from Mr. Gladstone's antecedents, it is very unlikely that, when he appears on the platform at Bingley Hall, he will respond, clearly and manfully, to this reasonable demand. And yet a plain and straightforward declaration of what he intends to do for Ireland, should he be recalled to power, might have a most beneficial effect on the prospects of his party. Denunciations of the Crimes Act, and the passions roused by the appointment of the Parnell Commission, have for some time past caused the Home Rule Question to recede into the background of Irish politics; yet it should never be forgotten that it was Mr. Gladstone's change of opinion on this question, and on this only, which caused the split in the Liberal party. It is this split which has made Mr. Gladstone the master of a minority instead of a majority, and is he likely to win back his lost sheep by persisting in a policy of mystery? Thus far his sole answer to anxious inquirers is: "Put me back into office, and then you will see what I shall do." This is the "blank cheque" system with a vengeance, and is scarcely likely to satisfy that large mass of neutral-tinted electors whose opinions, first swaying to one side and then to another, decide the fate of Cabinets. Nor would these electors be altogether content if Mr. Gladstone were to tell them candidly that his future policy would be guided by the number of his supporters, that is to say, that he should act in one way if he were independent of the Irish vote, and in another way if he were dependent on it.

MINERS AND PIT OWNERS.—The country is to be congratulated on escaping a serious embarrassment, both social and economical. Had the colliery owners stood their ground against the ten per cent. advance claimed by the miners, many great industries would have been sorely crippled, while to the poor it would have meant dear fuel during the greater part of winter. These misfortunes have happily vanished, thanks to the pit owners "caving in" at the last moment. But why did they postpone submission until the miners were, in many cases, bringing out their tools? It would have looked more gracious to have yielded as soon as the demand was made; that would have saved the masters, at all events, from swallowing their words. Did they not protest that it would ruin them to make the advance? And yet here they are doing that very thing with apparently the lightest of hearts. As it is difficult to believe that colliery-owners enjoy ruin a bit more than other folk, the irresistible conclusion presents itself that they did protest their

poverty somewhat too loudly. At all events, it seems pretty clear that Mr. Pickard and the other leaders of the men gauged the situation correctly when they scoffed at the idea of the masters being too hard driven to afford such a small advance. The next time, therefore, that a similar dispute breaks out in the coal trade, the men will have warrant for refusing to give credit to the masters' asseverations, however strong or true. It will be logically argued that since, in the present instance, it required the imminence of a gigantic strike to convince the pit-owners that their purses were fuller than they supposed, a similar menace would be pretty sure to produce the same agreeable result. When will colliery proprietors learn the wisdom of voluntarily granting advances, instead of waiting to be squeezed by Trade Union pressure? We believe that any pit-owner who acted on that equitable system would find it pay in the good-will of his men. There will be little chance of improved relations between Capital and Labour so long as their governing policy is "Keep all you can, and grab for the rest."

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.—There is some danger that the members of the London County Council will be elected, not because they are the men most suitable for the position, but because they are "sound" Radicals or Conservatives. The various associations connected with the two parties are already taking the matter in hand, and they will not readily miss so good an opportunity of an exciting party fight. We may hope, nevertheless, that their purpose will be thwarted. There are, of course, municipal questions about which Conservatives and Radicals would naturally take opposite sides, but by far the most important part of the work which the new Council will have to do will be altogether beyond the range of party disputes. It will relate to matters which affect the health and general physical well-being of the community; and for the discussion of such subjects it is not in the slightest degree necessary that there should be any reference to the issues raised in Imperial politics. If the forthcoming elections are to be mainly of a political character local wire-pullers will get everything into their own hands, and London will be no better off with its County Council than it has hitherto been with its Vestries and Metropolitan Board of Works. It is of the highest importance that the first Council should be composed of men who command general respect. There will in that case be at least a good chance that its successors will be equal to the great task they will have to accomplish. A meeting was held the other day at the Society of Arts to impress this view upon the electors, and other meetings ought without delay to be held in various parts of the capital for a like purpose. Men of the right kind, too, should be encouraged to come forward at once as candidates. The duties of the London Council will be second only to those of the Imperial Parliament, and it will be strange if many able, honest, and enlightened citizens are not eager to take part in the deliberations of so powerful a public body.

COMPULSORY INSURANCE.—Ample details have now been published of the practical working of Prince Bismarck's famous scheme for "dishing" the Socialists by preventing the grinding poverty and misery which are the chief justification of Socialistic theories. Considering that the scheme has been only a short time in operation, the results are fairly satisfactory. Warmer commendation than this cannot honestly be bestowed, and far more will have to be done in order to combat the Socialist propaganda successfully. To compel the employers to insure their workmen against accident was comparatively an easy matter, especially as this country had already set the example. The plan seems to work pretty well; but thus far the cost of administration has far exceeded the amount of indemnities paid, recalling the balance-sheets of certain charitable societies, where officials' salaries, printing, stationery, and advertising largely surpass the amount expended on the widows and orphans for whose benefit the organisation is supposed to exist. But this defect, as regards the Imperial Insurance Bureau, will no doubt be amended as time goes on. More interesting to Englishmen, as being a novelty in this country, is the compulsory insurance against sickness. We presume this applies to the three-and-a-half millions of workmen who are already included under the accident insurance scheme, but, unfortunately, as regards this branch of the subject, the particulars given are rather meagre. On this point, however, we have little to learn from Germany. Provision against loss of employment from sickness is largely made in England by trades' unions and benefit clubs; and what we want here, in this respect, is not so much compulsory insurance as legislation for preventing benefit clubs from becoming insolvent. Last, and most important of all, we come to insurance against old age. It is disappointing to learn that in this direction Prince Bismarck has thus far done nothing. The reason, of course, is that the percentage chargeable on wages for this purpose would be much heavier than for sickness. Yet the problem should be grappled, and not only in Germany, but here also. Mr. Blackley conclusively shows that there is a prosperous period in the labouring man's youth, when he could well afford to provide liberally for his declining years. At all events, it is sad to think that nearly half our rural labourers die paupers.

THE MANITOBA DISPUTE.—The physical hostilities which have begun between the Canadian Pacific and Red River Railways prove how very small is the influence of reason when human tempers arise. When one hears of the manager of one line marching down a regiment of navvies to make a crossing *côte que côte*, and of the rival manager charging down at the head of a larger force to prevent the trespass, the thought occurs that the spectacle savours of the ridiculous. But there is a very serious side to the absurd squabble; Manitoba has the makings of as prosperous a State as the world can show, and, were Canada to lose this fair province, the Dominion might never realise those visions of greatness which form the day dreams of her hardy people. Nor is the danger so remote as it may appear. Until this unhappy strife broke out, the Manitobans had little or no desire to throw in their lot with Uncle Sam. They were quite satisfied to remain under the same rule as the rest of Canada; and although their loyalty to the British Crown may not have been very profound, they showed no craving for Republican institutions. In short, they took very little interest in matters political, being more concerned with those sterner problems of life which confront all pioneers of industry in the Far West. Of these, the first was to induce the rich black earth to yield its fatness in the shape of wheat; the second, and more difficult by far, to get this produce to market at such charges for conveyance as would admit of its competing against Indian or Russian wheat. The former problem is solved; Manitoba grows wheat in profusion. But the farmers complain that the prodigality of Nature avails them little as a counterpoise to the grasping avarice of the Central Canadian Railway. They are accordingly resolved to construct a line of their own, to connect with the American system, and they protest that, if they are not allowed to do that, they will take the first opportunity of annexing their country to the United States. It is an ugly tangle, truly, and we see no other way of unravelling it than by allowing the Manitobans to do as they wish.

SERVIA AND KING MILAN.—The Servians are making preparations for the election of a Skupschtna for the Revision of their Constitution, and in the mean time a Commission has been appointed to draw up the scheme which is to be submitted to the Assembly. No one doubts that Revision is necessary. The existing Constitution is full of absurd anomalies, and affords very inadequate opportunities for the exercise of direct popular influence on the Executive and the Legislature. It is doubtful whether King Milan is perfectly sincere in the expression of a wish for the development of thoroughly free institutions. He delights in the exercise of power, and it is suspected that he will do his utmost to secure for the Crown an undue share of authority. It may be hoped that the Servian people will take care to protect their interests by sending to Belgrade, as their representatives, men of enlightened opinions and vigorous character; for it is important, not only for the sake of Servia, but for that of Europe, that this question should be satisfactorily settled. Neither Austria nor Russia would ever have the faintest excuse for interference with Servian affairs if the country possessed a system of government with which all classes were content. Just at present the Servians certainly ought not to feel any very strong temptation to make the Crown inconveniently powerful. Queen Nitalie may have been a very provoking wife; but the decree of divorce pronounced against her is as scandalous an instance of tyranny as anything that has taken place in Europe in the present age. It may not be convenient for Servia to dismiss the Sovereign who has been guilty of this injustice. Obviously, however, his rights ought to be very strictly defined. It cannot be pretended that even the forms of liberty would be secure if placed at the mercy of a ruler capable of so gross an outrage.

MOROCCO.—Considerable attention is just now being paid to the condition of Morocco, for, if the Sultan were to die—and his health is said to be seriously impaired—the claims among the various branches of the Shereefian family for the vacant Throne might lead to important foreign complications. It seems quite remarkable that a country which is practically as near London now as Edinburgh was a hundred years ago, and one of whose seaports is a favourite resort for invalids, should still be in such an old-world barbaric condition. When we read of Sultan Muley Hassan's marauding expeditions, and of his treacherously ordering his soldiers to plunder and massacre a powerful tribe who had voluntarily submitted to him, we feel that, if these stories be true, the death of such a tyrant would be a happy release for his subjects, and that French or Spanish domination would be better than the succession of another similar autocrat. Still, human beings, especially Moslems, are so curiously constituted that they prefer native rule, with all its exactions and cruelties, to the steady monotonous pressure of European sovereignty. Anyhow, let us hope that England will keep out of the scrimmage. The African Continent is for us a name of ill-omen. Whether on the West Coast, at the Cape, or in Egypt and the Soudan, the tale is always the same,—plenty of expenditure of life and money, and little that is really valuable to show in exchange.

SCHOOL PRIZES.—Excellent sense was it that the Speaker discoursed at Leamington on school-prizes. That these rewards for diligence and talent have their uses is, of course, a truism; and, so long as the system is kept within due bounds, it is not open to much objection. But carried on as it now is at many schools, both public and private, it does far more harm than good. When once a passion for winning prizes has got hold of a smart youngster, it dominates his mind completely, and he unconsciously learns to regard the world as his destined heritage. Who that has ever met one of these lads in his own home will deny that the production of such a prodigy of intellectual conceit is a blot on our educational system? As he parades his trophies, and talks scornfully of those whom he defeated, it is easy to see that the wretched boy is accustomed to pose as a phenomenon. No wonder, either; it is not his fault. Does not his father boast about his success before his face, and his mother let him see that she recognises in him the makings of a Prime Minister or Archbishop? Do not his sisters idolise him, and his younger brothers regard him with awe as a superior being? Wherever he goes, and whatever he does, the wretched lad is surrounded with an atmosphere of adulation; and, when he gets back to school, he goes in for prize-winning more zealously than ever to enhance his renown at home. Mr. Peel said, rightly enough, that this sort of ambition has a close resemblance to that of the athlete who rushes from meeting to meeting in quest of "pots." The comparison is just: the prize-hunter, like the pot-hunter, acquires an insensate and unappeasable greediness, which in the one case entirely obliterates the love of learning for its own sake, and in the other makes athletics a mere medium for vulgar display. At some schools prizes are only given to pupils who reach a certain standard at the examinations, thus eliminating the objectionable rivalry produced by competition. If the standard be made severe, this system has many advantages over the more generally adopted one.

CRAM.—Those who prepared the vigorous "Protest" which appears in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* are to be congratulated on its success. It has called serious attention to one of the most formidable evils of the present day, and there is now some chance that the public will begin to inquire whether our entire educational system does not need to be reformed. The true object of education is, of course, the harmonious development of the faculties with which human beings are endowed. During the last thirty or forty years we have been more and more losing sight of this aim, and making education simply a means for the passing of examinations. The results, as almost every one allows, are anything but satisfactory. Nearly everywhere the crammer has displaced the teacher. In primary schools boys and girls obtain only such instruction as may secure for them high "marks"; and similar methods, at more advanced stages, prevail also at the great public schools and in our colleges and universities. The question for the schoolmaster and the professor is not whether particular studies are best for the mind, but whether they will prepare the way for a grant, or for a scholarship, or for a place in the public service. Under such conditions education in any true sense of the term is impossible. Some intellectual powers are overstrained, while others are neglected; and the majority of pupils, instead of acquiring a love of knowledge for its own sake, become utterly disgusted with their work, and would not dream of carrying on independent study unless some tangible and extremely practical advantage were to be gained by it. It does not follow that there is no place in education for examinations. They are useful as tests of progress, and it is not suggested that they should be altogether abolished. But they are an unmitigated nuisance when, as at present, the entire course of education is directed with a view to them. We have committed ourselves so deeply to the system that it will not be easily rooted out. It has, however, absolutely failed, and the duty of educationists is not merely to protest against it, but to point the way towards wiser methods.

FIREWORKS.—We are reminded of the approaching anniversary of the ill-fated Guido Fawkes by the appearance of an advertisement from a well-known firework manufacturer, which is calculated to make the eyes of school boys sparkle with anticipatory delight. To say nothing of such commonplace pyrotechnics as squibs, crackers, and Catherine wheels, how the youthful devotee of the Fifth must revel at the idea of igniting a Mount Vesuvius, a Jack in the Box, a Chinese Tree, or, most entrancing of all, a "Devil among the Tailors!" The only question that arises in our minds is whether in this, as in many other matters, the juveniles of the present era do not lose by having so much done for them. In the distant days of our youth we not only had the ecstasy of letting off the fireworks—we had the previous charm of making them. Our respected pastor and master, a thorough sympathiser in boyish sports, suffered the schoolroom on the half-holiday previous to the never-to-be-forgotten Fifth to be converted into a firework factory, and there were assembled a score or more of happy creatures with grimy fingers and faces, busily engaged in triturating meal-powder, or filling the squib and blue-light cases which had been made some days before. The process of manufacture was vigilantly supervised, with the gratifying result that neither then nor at the subsequent display did a serious accident ever occur. It is quite possible that the same sort of thing

goes on nowadays, but we can scarcely conceive it, because the professionally-made article is so cheap and so easily got. For eighteen pence a display may be obtained which will enchant a group of young and unsophisticated children; while a three-guinea case will provide a show which will extort admiration from even the most phlegmatic of Eton boys.

WOMEN INEBRIATES.—The effort now being made by Mrs. Temple and other ladies to establish a home for women inebriates is worthy of all praise. There are some among the degraded creatures who may not be too far gone for reformation. The more hardened will, we fear, always be prone to break out again; they may behave well so long as the misery of their past condition is before their minds; but, when that memory grows dull, the old longing will return with deadly force. For the permanent cure of a real inebriate, a long period of vigilant treatment is absolutely necessary. Doctors who have given special attention to this class of disease find that, in some cases of long standing, the will-power has entirely gone, and must be slowly built up again if a radical cure is to be effected. Could that, or anything like it, be accomplished in homes such as Mrs. Temple wishes to bring into existence? Perhaps, however, she may not aim so high, but merely desire to provide restful and tranquillising places where women only partially mastered by the drink-passion would be given a chance of putting a check on the morbid inclination. There is, no doubt, a field of useful work among this class; they are not "habitual drunkards," in the legal sense of the term, inasmuch as they still possess some will-power. But for the genuine inebriates, the dipsomaniacs, no cure will be possible until the Legislature recognises them as lunatics, and deals with them accordingly. The present Act is good as far as it goes, but that is only a little way. By leaving it optional to the habitual drunkard to sign away his freedom for a given term, it enables him to be the master of his own destiny, precisely as if he were perfectly sane. The consequence is that he very frequently refuses to avail himself of the chance of reformation, and continues to waste his substance in riotous living until he and his family are reduced to beggary. In the case of women inebriates, the disease very often involves even more terrible consequences from a moral point of view. Yet so squeamish is society about the liberty of the subject that it will not say the word which would save these poor creatures from themselves.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS of the GLASGOW EXHIBITION and the SAVOY GALLERY, see page 472.

L YCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee—Mr. HENRY IRVING. Every Evening at 8.45—PRINCE KARL—Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD as Prince Karl, his Original Character. Preceded at 8 by ALWAYS INTENDED. MATINEE—SATURDAY at 4.30. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5.

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EVERY EVENING at EIGHT, AS YOU LIKE IT. MISS WALLIS (Mrs. Lancaster) as ROSALIND. Entirely New Scenery and Costumes. Full Chorus. The Solos and Incidental Songs will be Sung by Mr. Seymour Jackson. Price of Admission One Shilling to 43s. Doors open at 8. Box Office open daily from Ten to Five. SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE. Acting Manager—Mr. W. H. Griffiths.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. St. James's Hall. FIRST CONCERT of the SEASON on Monday evening, November 12, 1888. Executants—Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé), Miss Fanny Davies, MM. L. Ries, Strauss, and Piatti. Vocalist, Miss Liza Lehmann. Accompanist, Mr. Ernest Ford. Commence at 8.30. Stalls, 7s 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Subscription to Stalls, £5 5s. for twenty-one concerts.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. St. James's Hall. FIRST CONCERT of the SEASON on Saturday afternoon, November 17, 1888. Executants—Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé), Sir Charles Hallé, MM. L. Ries, Strauss, Gibson, and Piatti. Vocalist, Miss Liza Lehmann. Accompanist, Mr. Franzén. Commence at 3. Stalls, 7s 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Subscription to Stalls, £5 for twenty concerts.

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JEPHTHAH'S VOW. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. THREE NEW PICTURES—JEPHTHAH'S RETURN. 2. ON THE MOUNTAINS. 3. THE MARTYR—are NOW ON VIEW with his celebrated ANNO DOMINI ZEUXIS AT CROTONA, &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street, from 10 to 6. Admission 1s.

THE ANNUAL AUTUMN EXHIBITION of HIGH CLASS PICTURES by British and Continental Artists, including FRANK HOLL R.A.'s Picture "BESIEGED" is now open at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

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THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AT ROME

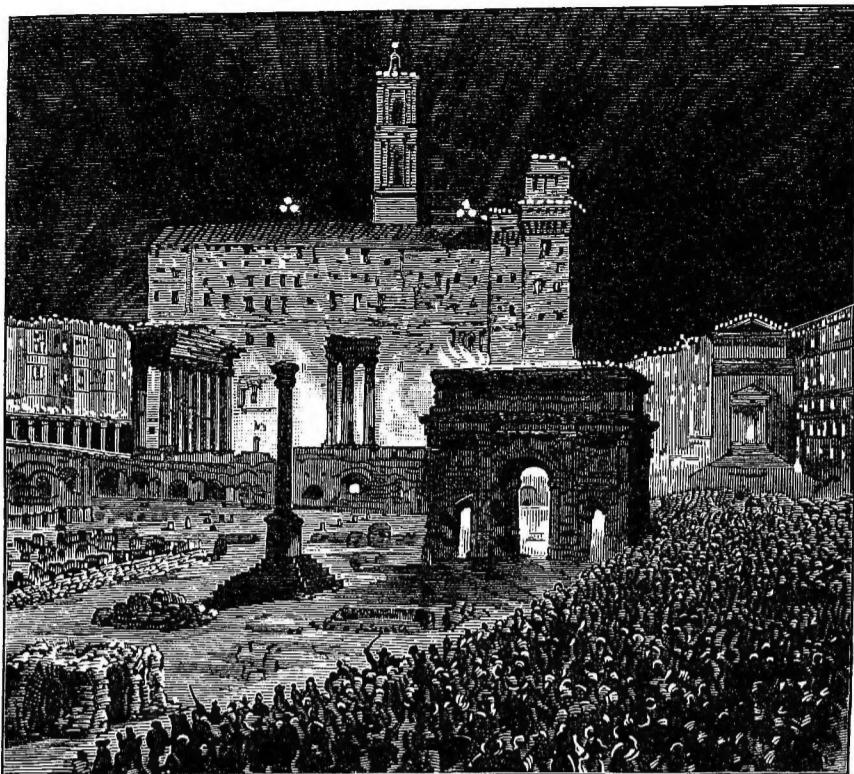
ONE of the chief festivities in honour of the German Emperor's visit to Rome was a grand evening reception, given by the Syndic and Municipality at the Capitol. Three thousand guests were invited to meet the Emperor, and the apartments and galleries of the Capitol and the adjacent galleries were brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flowers. The Emperor, who gave his arm to Queen Margherita on entering, and the King, who led in the Duchess of Aosta, were received by the Syndic and Corporation at the entrance, Prince Henry of Prussia escorting the Dowager Duchess of Genoa, and the Prince of Naples the Duchess of Genoa. The Royal cortège then proceeded to the Red Saloon, and being joined there by the Diplomatic Body, Senators, and Deputies wended its way to the Great Hall of the Conservatori, where the Municipality usually sits, and where a selection of music was performed. After this a commemorative tablet, with a Latin inscription, recording the fact and date of the Emperor's visit to the Capitol, was unveiled, while the German National Anthem was played. One of our sketches, which are by Mr. Henry Cumming, shows the Emperor and King inspecting this tablet—a space being kept for their passage down the Hall by a double row of Pompiers. The Royal Party then made a tour of the buildings, halting for a while before the far-famed Capitoline Venus in the little temple where she stands alone in her beauty. We have already described last week the subsequent visit of the King and Emperor to Naples, and the launch of the new ironclad *Ré Umberto*. The Emperor and King embarked in their State barge, and were towed by a steam launch to the Royal yacht *Savoia* immediately after the ceremony. A grand naval review followed, in which the chief vessels of war defiled before the two Monarchs. Sixteen torpedo boats led the way, followed on the right by the ironclads *Lepanto*, *Dandolo*, *Duilio*, and *Affondatore*, and the cruisers *Galileo*, *Tripoli*, *Saetta*, *Sparviero*, and *Nibbio*, the left line consisting of the cruisers *Etna*, *Bausan*, *Stromboli*, and *Vesuvio*—the rear being brought up by the despatch vessels *Stafella* and *Colonna*, and the torpedo cruisers *Goito*, *Folgore*, *Aquila*, and *Avalto*. The review lasted three hours, and the two Sovereigns remained on the bridge during the whole of the time. During his stay at Naples the Emperor and King paid—as in duty bound—to Pompeii, where they were taken over the excavations by Signor De Petra, the Director-General of Excavations. After the Emperor and King had returned to Rome on the 19th ult. there was a grand illumination of the ruins of ancient Rome. The Royal Stand had been erected on the Palatine Hill, which commands the whole view from the Capitol to the Coliseum. The Forum and Via Sacra and the Coliseum itself were brilliantly lighted up with electricity and coloured fires, affording a singularly effective spectacle.—Our engravings of Pompeii and the Naval Review are from sketches by Signor Nicolo Lazzaro; those of the Forum illuminated and the launch of the "Ré Umberto" are by Mr. Henry Cumming.

A LADIES' DRIVING MATCH IN CEYLON

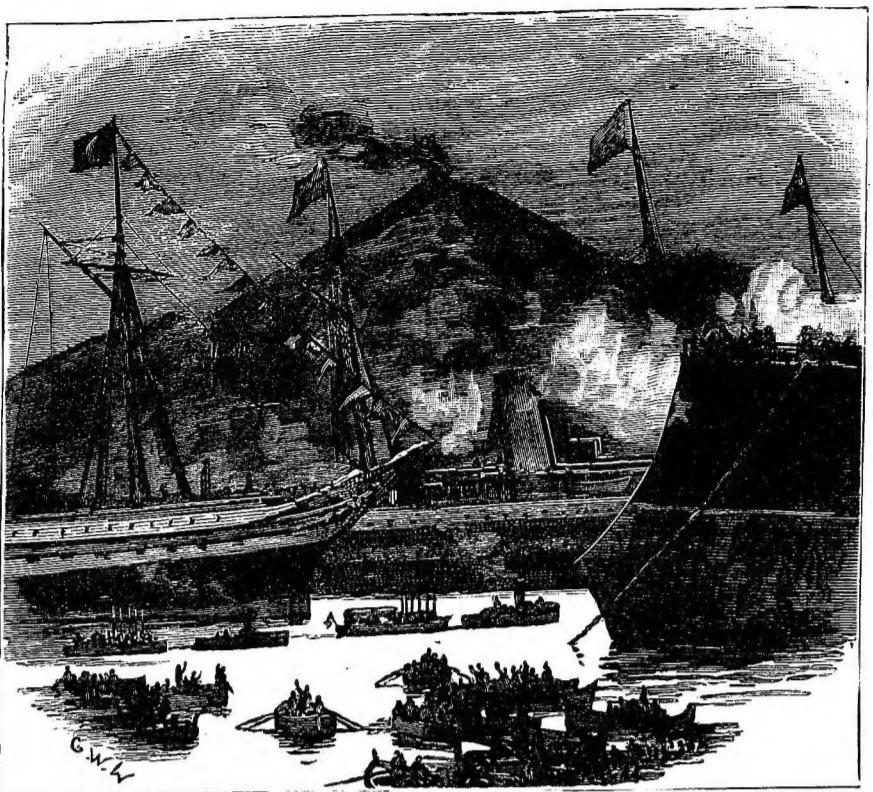
THIS competition came off successfully on July 28th, at the Colombo Gymkhana Meet of 1888, in the presence of a large concourse of Asiatics and Europeans. The prize was a gold bangle, and Mrs. H. Thwaites, the winner, scored six points, two other ladies making two points each. The object of the competition was to drive past three pegs placed forty yards apart, knocking off a piece of plank laid horizontally on them with the near and off wheels alternately, without touching or disturbing the upright pegs on which the planks had been laid. The manner in which the ladies handled the ribbons excited universal admiration.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. J. L. K. Van Dort, Bambalapitiya, Colombo, Ceylon.

THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN'S FUND FOR SUPPLYING FEMALE MEDICAL AID TO THE WOMEN OF INDIA

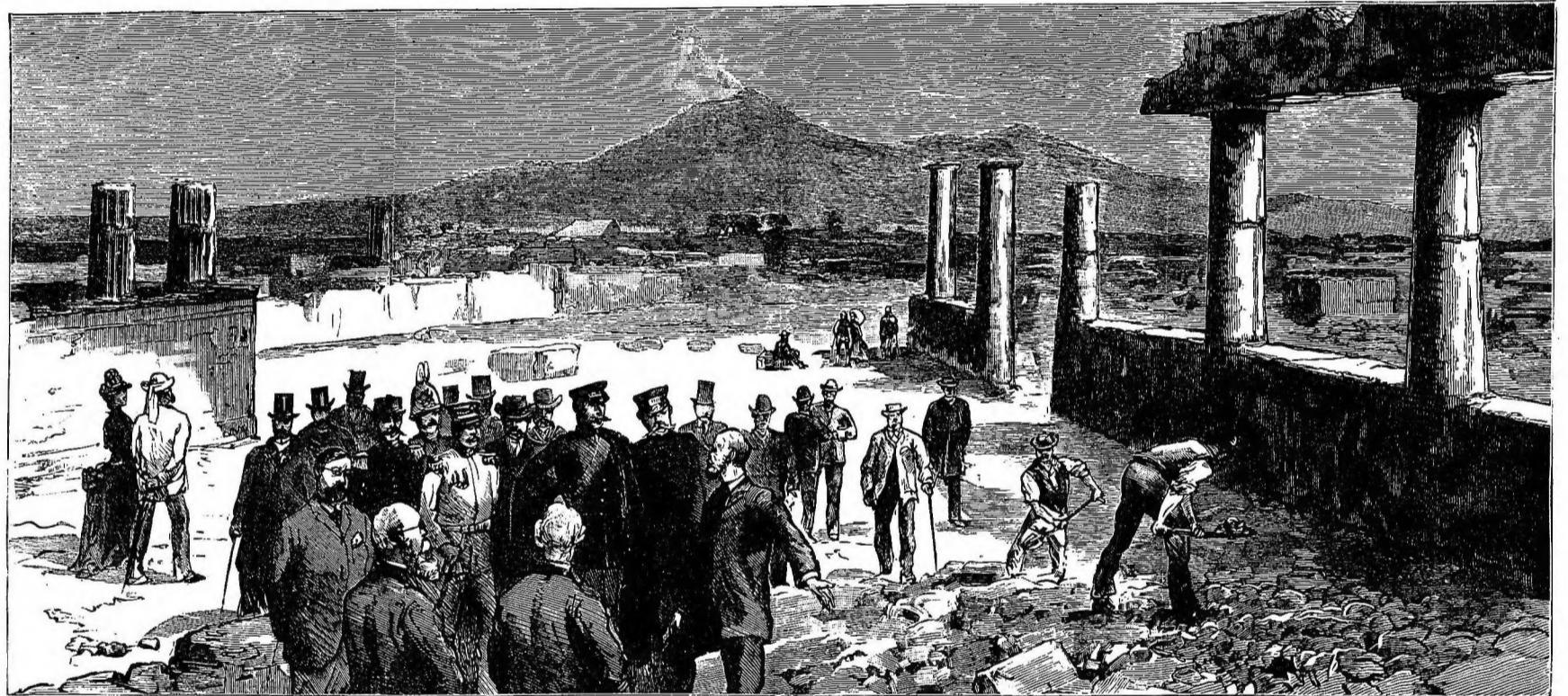
IN our issue for December 3rd, 1887, we gave an account of this important movement, for which Lady Dufferin has worked so indefatigably and so successfully, and we now give further illustrations, which will bring before our readers some of the practical results. The scheme, it may be remembered, was inaugurated by the Countess of Dufferin in 1885, under the name of "The National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India." As custom forbids the attendance of medical men upon native women, it can be easily gathered what good work the Association is doing in endeavouring to alleviate the preventable sufferings which are now more or less endured by Indian women through ignorant treatment. To come to our illustrations, the Walter Hospital for Women, built by H.H. the Maharajah of Udaipur, in Rajputana, is a handsome building in the prevalent style of Udaipur architecture, and is admirably suited for the wants of its patients. Such a hospital has been long required in the old Rajputana city, as the benefits to be derived from medical science have been prominently brought home to the women of Udaipur by



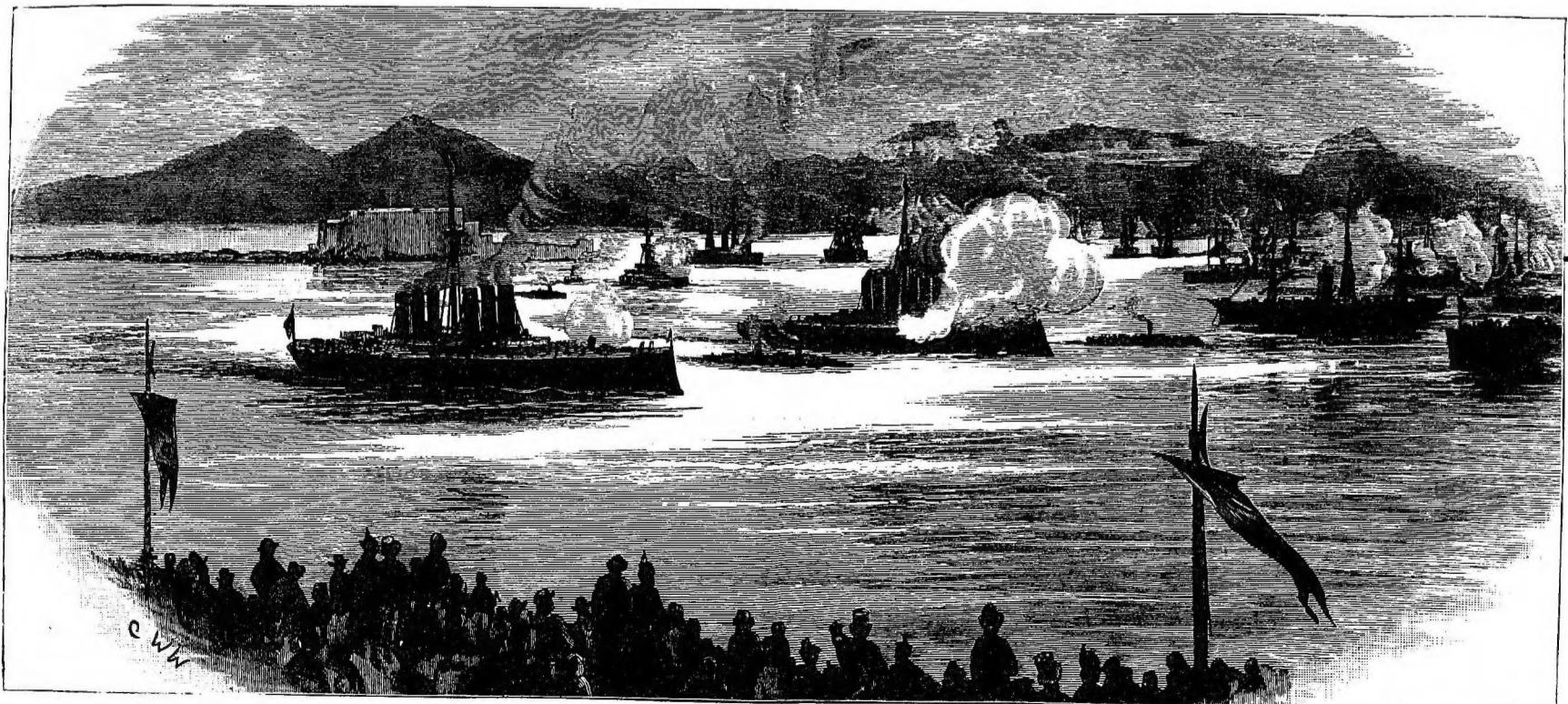
THE ROMAN FORUM ILLUMINATED



THE SCENE JUST AFTER THE LAUNCH OF THE "RÈ UMBERTO" AT CASTELLAMARE, NAPLES

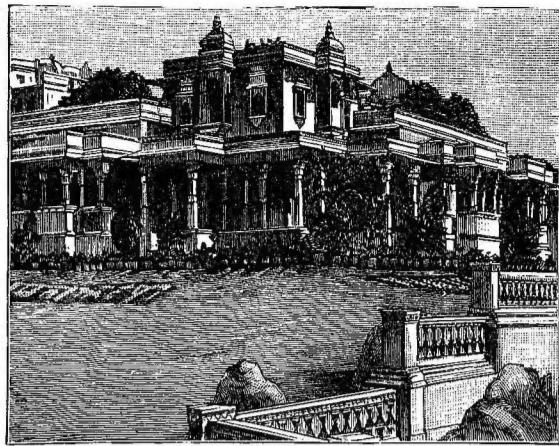


THE EMPEROR AND THE KING AMID THE RUINS OF POMPEII

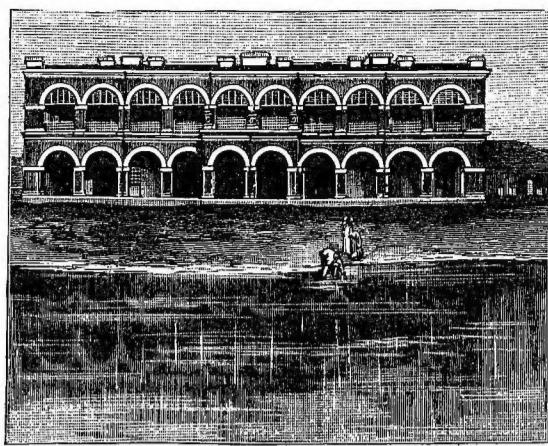


THE GRAND NAVAL REVIEW AT NAPLES

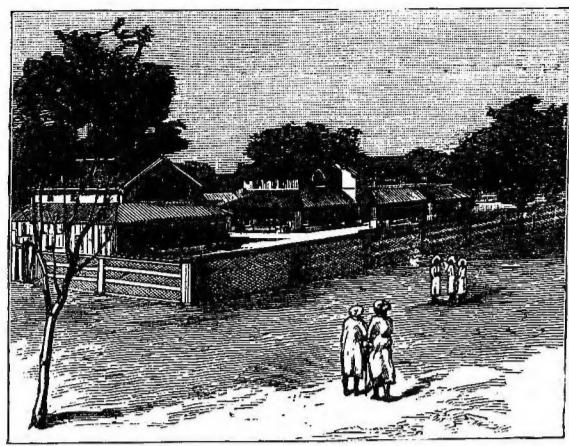
THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO ITALY



THE WALTER HOSPITAL, BUILT BY H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF UDAIPUR, RAJPUTANA



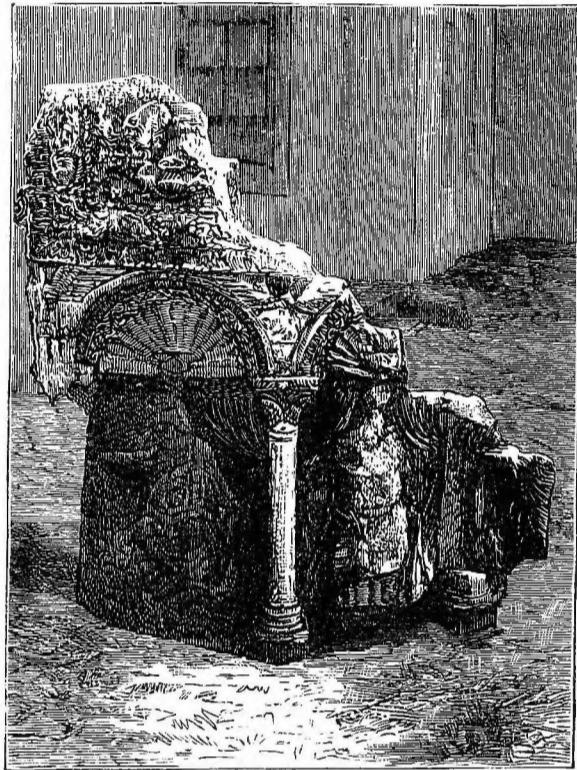
HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY BUILT BY H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF DHARBUNGA



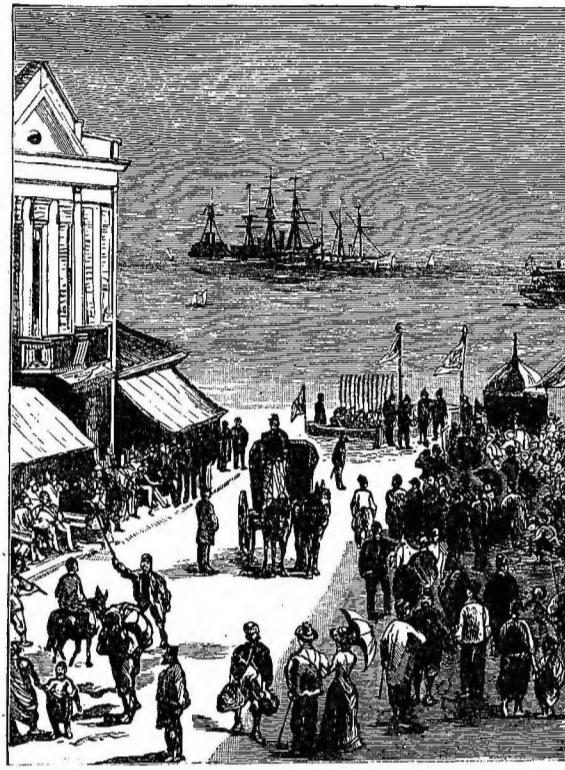
THE DUFFERIN HOSPITAL, NAGPUR, BUILT BY THE CENTRAL PROVINCE BRANCH

NEW HOSPITALS IN INDIA

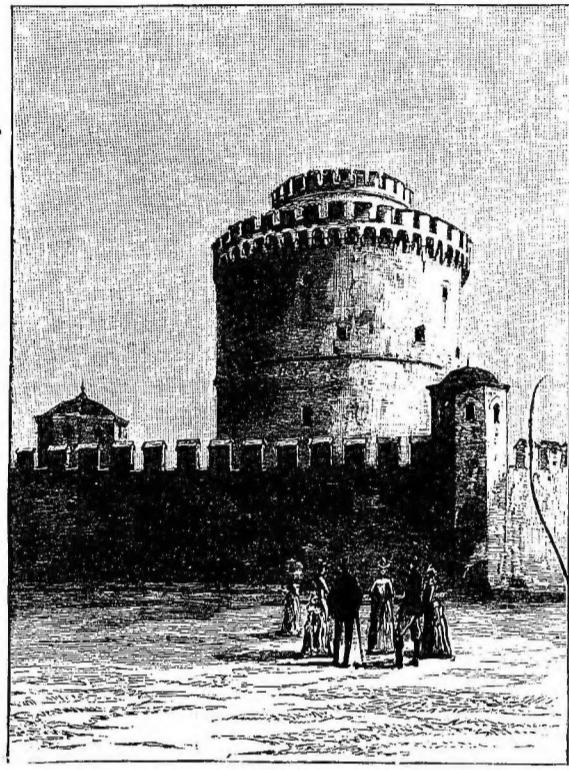
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN'S NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR SUPPLYING FEMALE MEDICAL AID TO THE WOMEN OF INDIA



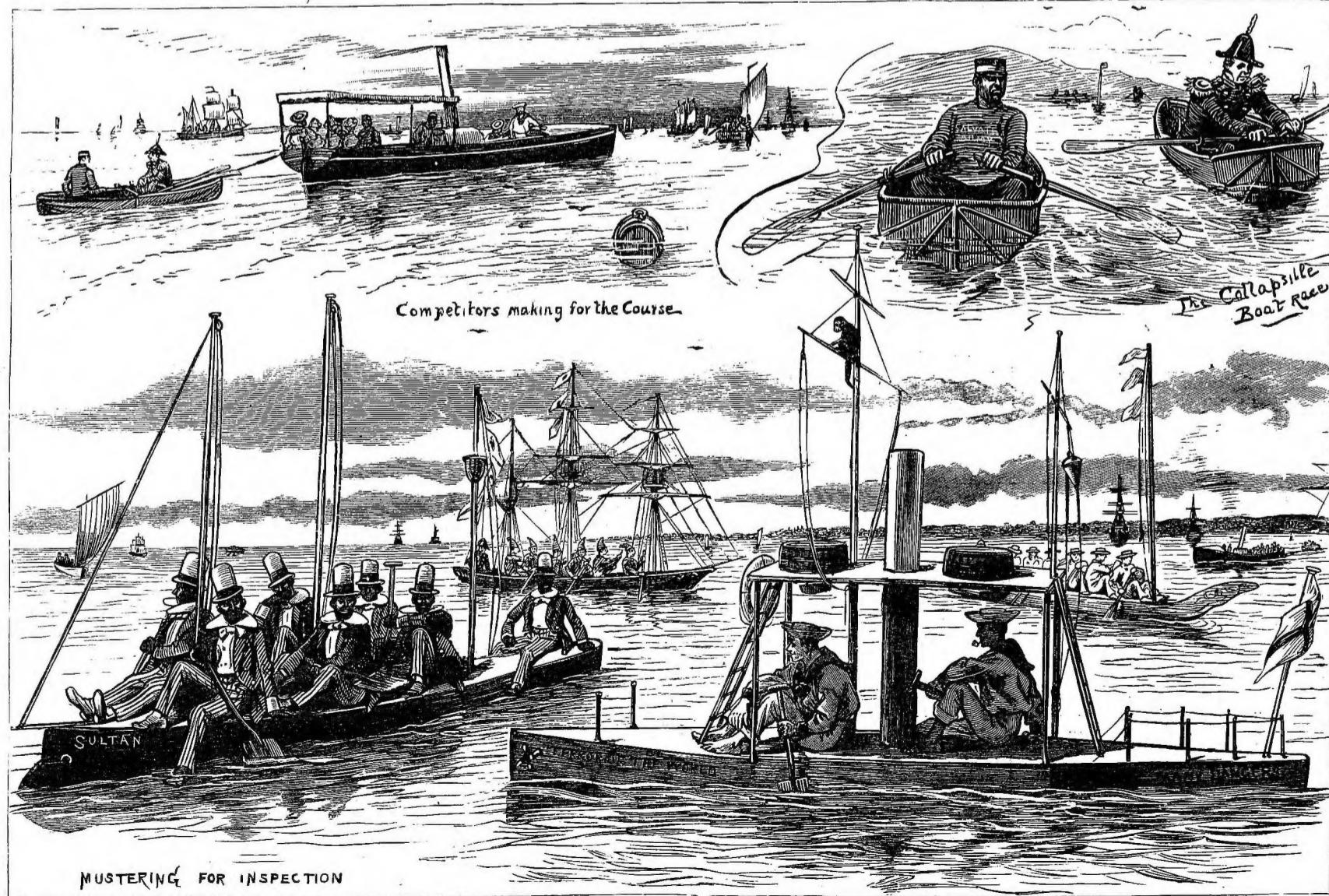
PULPIT IN THE COURT OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PANTHELEON,
(IN THIS PULPIT ST. PAUL IS SAID TO HAVE PREACHED).



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DISEMBARKING TO PAY A VISIT
TO THE GOVERNOR



"THE BLOODY TOWER," BUILT BY THE ROMANS
(Now used as a Prison)



Mrs. Lonergan, a lady who acquired her license as medical practitioner at the Madras Medical College. The hospital is named after Colonel Walter, the present agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana, who was formerly resident at Udaipur. The Women's Hospital and Dispensary, at Durbhang, in Bengal, owes its

A SITTING OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION

OUR Supplement represents the aspect of the Court during the Attorney-General's opening speech. We have already in a previous issue given an account of the alterations made in Sir

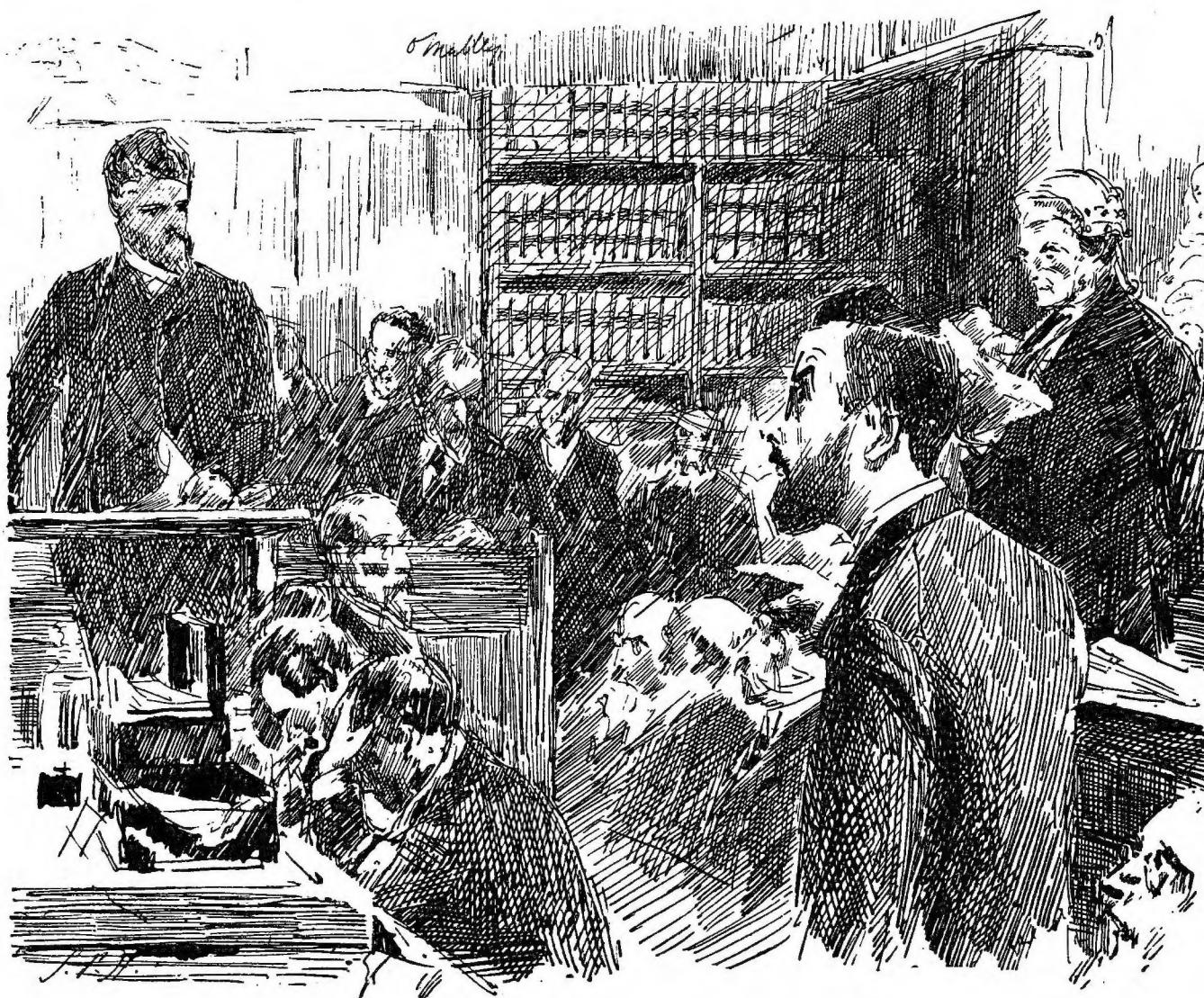
stands the Solicitors' table, behind which the whole remaining area of the Court (apart from the galleries) is reserved for the parties concerned, their counsel and solicitors, and some of the representatives of the Press. Here, therefore, may be seen Mr. Buckle and Mr. Macdonald, of the *Times*, and their counsel, the Attorney-General (Sir R. Webster, Q.C.), Sir H. James, Q.C., Mr. Murphy, Q.C., and Mr. W. Graham, of the English Bar; and Mr. Atkinson, Q.C., and Mr. Ronan, of the Irish Bar. Among their opponents may be found Mr. Parnell and his solicitor, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Michael Davitt, and their counsel, Sir C. Russell, Q.C., Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., Mr. F. Lockwood, Q.C., Mr. Lionel Hart, Mr. A. O'Connor, and Mr. A. Russell, of the English Bar, and Mr. T. Harrington, of the Irish Bar. The two small side-galleries and the new gallery in front of the permanent one at the back of the Court are mainly occupied by M.P.'s interested in the case, and also by various members of the Press. The proceedings of the Court are recorded in our "Legal" column.

THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AT SALONICA

OUR sketches represent some incidents during the recent visit of the Mediterranean Fleet, under the Duke of Edinburgh, to Salonica. The sketches of the regatta are by the Rev. B. S. Tucker, R.N., who writes:—"The fleet numbered eight ironclads and six smaller vessels, with the torpedo ram *Polyphemus*. The most amusing contests of the regatta were the races of the torpedo collapsible punts and copper punts—the latter rigged in imitation of the ships to which they belonged. The *Sultan* obtained the first prize in the former contest, and her copper punt was also declared to be the best rigged of those comical-looking craft." As some of our readers may not know what a copper punt is we adjoint a description by a naval officer. "A copper punt has no shape—that is, ship-shape. The old copper punt, used to clean the copper bottoms of vessels, was not unlike a shallow box without a lid. Many ships still have them. When rigged for regattas, with false bows and sterns, they become so altered as not to be recognisable. As they are generally crowded with men, their sides are frequently made higher, while the crew's favourite mode of progression is paddling along with spades belonging to the firemen and stokers, and splashing each other and all they come near. Occasionally the punts are rather cleverly made into miniature ships, with three masts and sails, small signals, a gun forward, and so on. There is a constant rivalry in effecting surprises, and sometimes I have not known our own punt." The views in Salonica are from photographs by Mr. P. Zepdji. With regard to these we need say little beyond that after the advent of the Christian Era Salonica became celebrated for the sojourn of St. Paul in that city. In the courtyard of one of the Christian churches there is still preserved a very fine pulpit, from which the great Apostle is said to have preached. The Turks, it should be said to their credit, have always shown every respect for this ancient monument to Christianity. There are also various clumps of trees on several parts of the plain which popular tradition aver mark the spots whence St. Paul was wont to deliver an open-air sermon.

A BOAR HUNT IN MOROCCO

THE party who had resolved to go a boar-hunting started from the Victoria Hotel, Tangiers, at 8.30 A.M. One man was bothered by the fastening of a buckle, and consequently, was the last to mount. As soon as they got outside the town, Mr. Jasper Mathews, the American Consul, proposed a grand gallop, in which all heartily



"Mr. HEALY rose and said,—I respectfully ask you to notice that the witness is constantly writing in the middle of his notes.—The WITNESS: I beg pardon; I am not

The PRESIDENT: I have seen what the witness has been doing. He has only been following his notes.—Mr. HEALY: He is using his pencil and writing in his book

Sir H. JAMES: Have you been writing?—The WITNESS: No

Mr. HEALY: What have you been doing then?—The PRESIDENT: This is not the time for asking questions. What has been done by the witness has been done under my own eyes."

existence to the liberality of the Maharajah of Durbhang, who for the last two years has maintained a lady doctor in Durbhang, and it is greatly due to the good work which Miss Rainsbottam, a medical practitioner from Madras, has done, that the Maharajah has come forward so liberally to provide proper accommodation for sick women and children.

Our illustration last year showed a class of Native nurses, then under instruction, at the Mayo Hospital, Nagpur, in the Central Province, and one of our present illustrations depicts the Dufferin Hospital which has lately been opened in connection with the Mayo Hospital, so as to give separate accommodation to women and children. The hospital is due to the steady work and persistent energy of Dr. Barter, the civil surgeon, who, for the last two years, has been busily training Native nurses. The money at the disposal of the Central Provinces Branch of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund does not amount to a large sum, but it represents the free-will offerings of a number of the inhabitants who are anxious to benefit by improved medical science. First, nurses were trained, then a hospital built, and now a lady-doctor is required to take charge; for, in order to induce Purdah women to come, they must be confident that their prejudices and feelings will be respected, and that none but women will attend to them. Our illustration gives the south-west view of the new hospital, showing the surrounding walls, the West, or Mayo Hospital, private entrances, and immediately inside this, the midwifery ward; beyond this again, the new hospital. Outside the wall, to the right, is the matron's house, and beyond this the commencement of the row of pupils' quarters.

We may add that those of our readers who may feel interested in this movement can obtain the Annual Report of the Society from Messrs. Hatchard, Piccadilly, London, S.W.

SOME BLIND CYCLISTS

THIS trip was taken by some pupils of the Royal Normal College for the Blind on the occasion of the opening, at Derby, of a Gymnasium, presented to the Railway Orphanage by Mr. Thomas Cook. Mr. Cook wished that at the inauguration there should be a musical performance by the pupils of the Royal Normal College; so, as the weather was fine, Dr. Campbell, the Principal of the College, decided that the pupils should cycle down instead of going by train. The start was made from Holborn Viaduct on October 8th, at 8.30 A.M. Two Rudge machines were used—one carrying four, and the other eight persons—the latter consisting of two machines coupled together—one seeing man acting on each machine as steersman. The first halt was made at Barnet, and the first night was spent at Dunstable. The second night the party slept at Market Harborough, and then the run was continued through Leicester to Derby, the whole distance covered being 126 miles. Great interest was taken in the little procession throughout the line of route, and before reaching Derby they were met by a large number of cyclists, who escorted them into the town. The success of this trip certainly gives a good illustration of the means used at the Royal Normal College to overcome that want of physical energy and fertility of resource which blindness so unfortunately frequently brings with it. Indeed, it is in no little measure to the physical training of the students, as well as to the intellectual and musical culture, that the undoubted success of the Normal College is due.



"THE BATTLE OF THE BANKING BOOKS"

James Hannon's Court, so as to adapt it for the inquiry which is being held there. A few brief particulars will, therefore, suffice here. Supposing that we were seated on the Bench by the side of Sir James Hannon, supported by his colleagues, Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Smith, immediately beneath us we should see Mr. H. Cunynghame, Secretary to the Commission, flanked on either side by a clerk of the Court. Beyond, to the Judges' left hand, is the new witness-box, which projects considerably into the Court, and the seats of the official short-hand writers. Further back

joined. They did not appreciate so much the fording of a river, which was very low, and consisted less of water than of liquid mud, some of which was splashed into their mouths. After this, there was a gallop down hill, which did not command itself to the less daring spirits of the party. On arrival at Sheefcar, the Consul was joyfully received by the mountain population, who informed him that a boar was in the neighbourhood. Scarcely had the sportsmen taken their places than the boar appeared—a veritable monster. A shot from the Consul—who never misses—soon rolled



1. ABOUT TO START FROM TANGIERS

2. THE LAST TO MOUNT

3. A GOOD GALLOP

4. CROSSING A MUDDY RIVER

5. GALLOPING UP OWN HILL

6. ARRIVAL AT SHEFLARCAR

7. A CLEAN SHOT

8. THE BIGGEST BOAR IN MOROCCO

9. USING THE HUNTING KNIFE

HUNTING THE WILD BOAR IN MOROCCO



THE political campaign in FRANCE is now being vigorously fought by all parties, and Boulangerists, Royalists, and Republicans have each had a field day. General Boulanger at a banquet given by the United Revisionists' Committee denounced all the existing schemes for Constitutional Revision, but suggested none in their place, evidently preferring to leave that task to the Constituent Assembly, which he is so anxious to have summoned. He was especially severe on poor M. Floquet's Revisional scheme, which he declared abolished all responsibility to the nation, from the President to the meanest functionary. The President—as defined by M. Floquet—would be a *Pontife Faineant*, the Ministers would be equally irresponsible, as they would hold office for fixed periods, while even the Chamber would be relieved of electoral responsibility by the policy of partial renewal. The public conscience, protested the General, rejects and condemns a Revision scheme "drawn up by those Pontius Pilates who wash their hands of what may happen to France, provided they can continue to speculate on her credulity, and make money." The speech was rapturously applauded by those who heard it, but does not appear to have made much impression on the outside world. That the "brav' General," however, is as popular as ever with the masses is manifest by the crowds which assembled on Tuesday to witness the marriage of the General's daughter to Captain Driant. Strong police precautions were taken to prevent any disorder, but none was attempted, there being enthusiastic shouts of "Vive Boulanger," but no denunciatory cries of anybody else. The impression that the General in some form or other is the coming man is steadily growing even amongst the bourgeois class, which, by dint of his persistent and confident assurances that he will save France, is really being impelled to believe that it is in his power to do so. The Government also are manifestly uneasy at his popularity with the lower orders, and have confiscated numerous coloured prints representing the General protecting the Republic from assailants of various political hues.

The Royalists had their turn on the same evening at Tours, where there was a grand banquet of Monarchical sympathisers, and where M. de Villarmois, in proposing the toast, "The King and the Royal Family," declared that France was utterly disgusted with the political adventurers who deceived her, and the swindlers who disdained her. She would speedily join the Royalist party in shouting "Long live the King." M. de Charette also spoke of the Comte de Paris as the man round whom all France will rally ere long—as he embodied that eminently French principle "God and the King;" and, concluded by proposing the health of "That gallant youth, who in the depths of Asia showed but one concern—to keep himself worthy of his glorious title, the Dauphin of France." The eldest son of the Comte de Paris, it should be stated is serving as a subaltern in our Indian Army. The Republican oration of the week has been made at Troyes by M. Clemenceau, who told his hearers that if they wished to escape from the Dictatorship which loomed in the near future, the Radical programme must be carried out. Another speech, which has excited considerable attention abroad as well as at home, has been that of General Miribel. In taking over the command of the Nancy Army Corps he is said to have dwelt upon the motto of the town, *Non inultus premor*, and to have continued, "I shall do my utmost in order that your Department may no longer be a frontier Department; where our fathers passed, the children will pass." In Paris the Chamber has been desultorily discussing the Budget, while awaiting the Revisionist Committee's report on the various schemes before them.

It is curious to turn from FRANCE, distracted by the struggles of half-a-dozen Pretenders to obtain the supreme Power, to GERMANY, where one man rules with an arbitrary hand, which brooks neither opposition nor criticism from his own subjects. Emperor William is certainly determined to govern as well as to reign, and on Saturday aroused general consternation by administering an unlooked-for rebuke to a Deputation from the Berlin Municipality which had visited him to welcome him on his return, and to offer to erect a monumental fountain in commemoration of his travels. The young Sovereign took occasion to protest against the action of the Berlin journals in "dragging before the public and discussing the affairs of his family in a manner that would never have been permitted by a private individual." Above all, the Emperor requested that the continuous citing of his late father against his own person should cease—as it offended him most deeply as a son, and was in the highest degree indecorous. He expects that if he chooses Berlin as his residence, people will leave off making the intimate affairs of his family a subject of discussion in the press. The Deputation was utterly confounded both by the Emperor's manner and words, and subsequently applied to have an official version of the speech—which was accordingly duly published; but whether the "discussion" refers to the Morell Mackenzie quarrel or the "Diary" disclosures people are left to infer.

On Monday the Emperor William went to Hamburg, where he was received with much enthusiasm, and laid a stone which is to commemorate the completion of the works for the incorporation of Hamburg in the Imperial Customs' Union. After the ceremony, the Emperor took a trip through the Customs Canal and Upper Harbour Canal to the new Elbe bridge, over which he drove, and then entering a larger steamer visited some of the chief ship-building yards and docks of the old Hanse city. In the evening there was a banquet, when he drank to the town of Hamburg. From Hamburg the Emperor went to Friedrichsruh on a visit to Prince Bismarck—the second which he has paid since his accession—and on Wednesday visited Leipsic, where, in the presence of the King of Saxony, he laid the foundation-stone of the new Imperial Palace of Justice. East African affairs still continue to excite the highest interest, and the semi-official Press are urging the co-operation of all civilised and Christian Powers in an international movement for the suppression of the African slave trade. The Pope's proposed contribution of 12,000/- is termed the "most generous act of the Head of the Roman Catholic Church, dictated by sublime Christian charity," and the hope is earnestly expressed that it "may find a lively echo in other hearts, and energetic imitators." England's co-operation is in particular invited, and the solution of the whole problem is pronounced to be "the colossal task of our century." On Tuesday evening Lieutenant Wissmann gave a lecture on the subject, and pronounced the real root of the question to be "the admiration of the negroes for the dauntless Arab, which induces them to serve him in the capacity of soldier-slave, and to assist him in tyrannising over their fellow negroes. The chief aim, therefore, must be to destroy this moral influence, upon which the Arab hunter depends far too much, by substituting in the negro mind respect for the European, which late events have tended to destroy." The Emin Pasha Expedition he stated has been delayed by the recent disasters, but would not be abandoned.

In ITALY there are symptoms that a vigorous Pope-and-King campaign is likely to be recommenced. That the Pope was disappointed at the result of his interview with the German Emperor there seems little reason to doubt, notwithstanding the energetic

denials of the Vatican Press, which declares that His Holiness never dreamed of his position being relieved by the Emperor, and continues "If there are men who, protected by Germany, think that for that reason they can give themselves over to ridiculous bluster, they are not to be sought in the Vatican, where they still trust in the power of right and believe in God." This very plain speaking is warmly replied to by the Italian Press, and, as the *Times* correspondent remarks, "there is a sound of the drawing of swords and throwing away of scabbards." According to the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, who has interviewed the Pope, the latter expressed himself as "neither satisfied nor dissatisfied" with the visit of the Emperor, who had come to the Vatican as an act of courtesy. "I had much to say to him," continued Leo X., "but just as I was beginning my discourse he interrupted me by calling in his brother in order to present him to me. . . . I did not find that the Emperor resembled his late father, whom I personally knew and liked. . . . He was a wise and good Prince, very well read, intelligent, and large-minded. His manners were perfect. What he said was always full of good sense and kindness."

RUSSIA has been startled by a serious railway accident to the train in which the Imperial family were travelling. On Monday the Imperial train ran off the line of the Kursk, Charkoff, and Azoff Railway, but it is officially stated that the disaster is due to an accident, and not to malicious design. Nineteen persons are said to have been killed, and eighteen injured, but none of the Royal personages were hurt, though the car in which the Czar and his family were breakfasting was greatly damaged, the sides being crushed in and the roof turned on one side. The Czar and Czarina superintended the arrangements for giving aid to the injured, and returned to the preceding station, proceeding on their journey to Moscow on Wednesday. At the same time comes a report of the arrest of a would-be assassin of the Czar at Kutais, a small city of 13,000 inhabitants in Transcaucasia, on the route from Tiflis to the Black Sea. The man was a Kauban Cossack, and had been watched by the police. He was arrested in the crowd which was awaiting the Emperor, and various explosives were found upon him, as well as gelatine capsules containing poison, which latter he attempted to swallow on his seizure. At Baku the police seem to have been especially careful, for they arrested the correspondents of the *Times* and the *Standard*, together with a British diplomatist, although all three were furnished with the highest credentials from the State functionaries. M. de Giers, the Russian Foreign Minister, has been celebrating the jubilee of his entry into the public service, and has received a warm letter of congratulation and the Order of St. Alexander Newsky from the Czar, and a congratulatory letter from the German Emperor.

King Milan of SERVIA has endeavoured to divert attention from his high-handed conduct in procuring a divorce from his Queen, by issuing a proclamation summoning the Great Skupchitsa for elaborating a new Constitution. Referring to the five-hundredth anniversary, which occurs next year, of the battle of Korsovo-Polye, which finally destroyed the old Servian Empire founded by Stephen Dobroslaw, he appeals to the Servians to take, in conjunction with their King, a lesson from their past, in order to avoid all errors and mistakes, and to ensure to Servia a splendid and brilliant future. As for Queen Nathalie, she has addressed a formal protest against the decree to the Greek Orthodox Synods at Bucharest and Athens, to the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg, and to the Ecumenical Patriarchate at Constantinople. As the Servian Church is completely independent, it is improbable that her protest to these authorities will be of any avail. In BULGARIA Prince Ferdinand opened the Sobranji last week, and expressed his satisfaction at the fact that, owing to the prevalence in the country of general peace, contentment, tranquillity, and order, the just cause of Bulgaria was daily becoming stronger.

In INDIA the Black Mountain Expedition has now practically accomplished its task, and the military operations are thought likely to conclude this week. The Akazais, who have never before submitted, have paid their fine, and have delivered up the second British subject captured this year. The Allaiwals also, who have been boasting that they would raise a man to fight in place of every rupee of the fine, have intimated their willingness to receive an envoy to treat for peace. Colonel Crookshank, the commander of the fourth column, who was wounded at Kotkai, died last week.

In the UNITED STATES there has been a general outcry raised against the British Ambassador, because, in a letter to a correspondent, who professed himself a Britisher born, but a naturalised American, and who asked for which party he had better vote for the benefit of his old country, Lord Sackville practically advised his correspondent to vote for Cleveland. The letter was a "draw" from an enterprising reporter, who forthwith published the answer. Both Democrats and Republicans were at once up in arms, the former fearing that Lord Sackville's advocacy of their cause would injure them in the eyes of the Irish electors, and one and all protested against any foreign Ambassador interfering in American home affairs. Lord Sackville at once admitted the authenticity of the letter, which he styled "a confidential expression of his personal views extorted by a trick, and mis-used by treachery." But this frank confession has by no means mollified Mr. Cleveland's Government, and various telegrams passed between Mr. Bayard and the American Ambassador in London, Mr. Phelps, on the subject. The British Foreign Office, however, appears to have declined to take any action in the matter, so eventually by President Cleveland's direction the Secretary of State informed Lord Sackville that "for causes heretofore made known to Her Majesty's Government, his continuance in his present official position in the United States is no longer acceptable to the United States Government, and would consequently be detrimental to the relations between the two countries."—Thirteen whalers are stated to be icebound off the coast of Alaska, and a United States war vessel has been despatched to their assistance.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—The Suez Canal Convention was at last signed by the Porte and the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople on Tuesday.—The festivities in GREECE on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's accession have begun. Queen Victoria has sent a letter of congratulation to King George, and several naval squadrons from the chief Naval Powers have assembled in the Piraeus to do honour to the occasion.—There has been a serious outbreak on the Bonny River. A powerful tribe, the Okrikas, treacherously attacked another tribe, the Ogonis, killed a large number of men, women, and children, and ate them—even compelling their children to drink the victims' blood. Consul Hewitt, on receipt of the news, summoned the leading Bonny and Calabar chiefs, and requested them to use their influence to prevent further massacres, and then proceeded in H.M.S. *Brake* up the river to hold an inquiry. A palaver took place, which resulted in the surviving victims being surrendered by the Okrikas, who were fined 100 puncheons of palm oil.—In CANADA the Supreme Court has decided in favour of the Canadian Pacific Railway in their dispute with the Manitoban authorities, and have granted an injunction to restrain the Red River Company from crossing the Canadian Pacific line.

WINTER has set in early in Switzerland. At the end of last week, when London was enjoying summer weather, the cold was intense in the Grisons, where snow fell heavily among the mountains. The thermometer fell to 2 deg. below zero at Dissentis, in the Upper Rhine district, and in several valleys the ground was frozen so hard that the people could not dig up their potatoes.



THE QUEEN leaves Balmoral for the South on either the 13th or 14th inst, intending to reach Windsor in time to receive the Empress Frederick and her three daughters, who come from Germany about that date. During their stay with Her Majesty Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia will also join the party. Meanwhile, the Prince of Wales spent Saturday to Monday with the Queen at Balmoral, when Her Majesty also received a farewell visit from the Duchess of Albany on her departure for Germany. On Saturday night the Queen gave a small dinner-party, the guests including Mr. Ritchie, Sir C. Teesdale, and the Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Castle, where the Rev. J. M. Mitchell officiated, and in the evening Princess Frederica and her husband joined the Royal party at dinner. The Royal drives have included an excursion to the Linn of Dee. Her Majesty has lost another old servitor in the person of Mr. J. R. Hudson, Gentleman Porter to the Queen, who died on Monday. He entered the service of King William IV., and had been employed at Windsor Castle for fifty-three years.

When the Prince of Wales went to Scotland at the end of last week the Princess and her three daughters left town for Sandringham to settle for the autumn. On Sunday they attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, when the Rev. F. Hervey officiated. The Prince returned to town on Tuesday, and with his wife and daughters went to the Alexandra Palace to witness Baldwin's drop from the clouds, after which the Prince left for London, while the Princess remained for the concert. The Princesses then returned to Sandringham, where the Royal party keep the Prince's forty-seventh birthday next Friday. In December the Prince will visit Ealing to open the Jubilee Memorial Hall.—Prince Albert Victor opened a bazaar at York on Tuesday in aid of St. Stephen's Orphanage.

The Duchess of Albany has lost her mother, Princess Helena of Waldeck-Pyrmont, from heart-disease. The Princess, who was fifty-seven years of age, had been ailing for some years. She leaves an only son, the Hereditary Prince, and four daughters, Princess Pauline of Bentheim, the Queen of Holland, the Duchess of Albany, and the young Princess Elizabeth, while a fifth, Princess William of Württemberg, died just after the marriage of the Duchess of Albany in 1882. The Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont is also stated to be dangerously ill, and the Duchess of Albany accordingly left England to join her family on Monday night.



AT THE CHESTER DIOCESAN CONFERENCE on Tuesday an address, signed by 382 clergy and 895 churchwardens and other laymen of the Diocese, was presented, through the Duke of Westminster, to the Bishop of Chester, expressive of their regret at his translation to Oxford, and of their recognition of the valuable services which he had rendered to the diocese. Dr. Stubbs, in an appropriate reply, spoke very highly of his successor, Dr. Jayne.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, after distributing the prizes to the successful students at the examinations held by the Rochester Diocesan Board of Education, said that nobody was so foolish as to wish to destroy Board Schools, but he claimed justice for Voluntary Schools, which saved the public a great expenditure. It was an enormous injustice that the buildings of Voluntary Schools should be rated; and their work was hampered by the limitation of the grant to 17s. 6d., by which they were placed on an unequal footing with Board Schools.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE, presiding at a Diocesan Conference of clergy, teachers, and school-managers, urged the necessity of blending religious and secular instruction. But while he thought that "the truth concerning the Church" should be taught in their Sunday-schools, he deprecated, in the present electrical state of the atmosphere, the introduction into day-schools of something further in that direction; and, for the same reason, he opposed the proposal that a short elementary Catechism of Church History should be prepared for optional use in Church schools.

BISHOP SANDFORD, of Tasmania, will become Bishop-coadjutor to the Bishop of Durban, whose health is said to be in a very precarious condition.

THE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD has intimated his intention of appointing to the Archdeaconry of the Diocese Canon Stratton, who is well known as a leading Evangelical clergyman in the West Riding.

CANON BROOKE, Rector of Thornhill, Dewsbury, and Rural Dean, has been appointed by the Prime Minister to the important Vicarage of Halifax, in succession to Canon Pigou, the new Dean of Chichester. The *Record* is informed that Canon Brooke is a member of the English Church Union.

THE VICAR OF ST. CLEMENT'S POTTERIES, Notting Hill, appeals for pecuniary aid towards procuring a four-and-a-half acre field as a public recreation ground in the heart of that poor and densely populated neighbourhood. Contributions may be made payable to the Pottery Lane Recreation Ground Fund, London and South Western Bank, Uxbridge Road, W.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION has injuriously affected the clergy as regards not only tithes, but the income derived from glebe lands. At the York Diocesan Conference (presided over by the Archbishop) a paper was read by Canon Machell suggesting the establishment, through and by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, of an organisation in each Diocese for holding its glebe lands by competent agents, who would relieve the clergy of their responsibility, and secure a better management of the soil.

OF THE SUM of 1,228,759/- contributed in 1887 by the various religious bodies in the United Kingdom to foreign mission work, 461,236/- was given through Church of England societies, 187,948/- through joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, 367,115/- through Nonconformist societies in England and Wales, 202,940/- through Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, and 10,420/- through Roman Catholic societies.

IN RESPONSE TO AN APPEAL, 2,500/- was subscribed in a few days to extend the operations of the Wesleyan Mission at the West End, the first anniversary of the establishment of which was celebrated last week.

THE REV. DR. FAIRBAIRN, of Mansfield College, Oxford, delivered on Tuesday, at the Memorial Hall, the first of the series of free lectures arranged by the Committee of the Congregational Union to celebrate the Revolution of 1688. His subject was "The Policy of the Revolution."

MR. SPURGEON is again seriously indisposed.



THE "PARNELLISM AND CRIME" COMMISSION.—The proceedings of the Commission at its sixth sitting on Tuesday were of little general interest, except for an episode relating to the books of some Irish banks, the production of which was ordered by the President in a tone which showed the determination of the Court not to allow its statutory jurisdiction to be trifled with. On Wednesday, however, the proceedings acquired a high degree of interest from the examination and cross-examination of Captain O'Shea, the negotiator of the famous Kilmainham Treaty, who was called at this early stage, because, being engaged in business at Madrid, he is obliged to leave England for Spain. One of the most important statements made by the witness in his examination-in-chief was that during the negotiation of the Treaty Mr. Parnell spoke confidently of being able to induce the notorious Sheridan and Egan to do what he wanted—that is, to aid him in putting down outrage and intimidation if the Government accepted his conditions. It was part of the Attorney-General's contention that Mr. Parnell connived at the perpetration of crime, if he did not directly encourage it. According to the witness, at Mr. Parnell's request the warrant against Sheridan was cancelled, but the police having objected to "a murderer or concocitor of murder," to quote the captain's own description of him, being allowed to remain at large, Captain O'Shea suggested to Sir William Harcourt that Mr. Parnell should see Sheridan. Mr. Parnell told the witness that he could not communicate with Sheridan directly, but he knew a person who could, and for the purpose of seeing that person he went out, saying when he returned that "he thought it was all right." The letter on the Phoenix Park murders, alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell, and some others, the witness believed to be Mr. Parnell's. The object of Sir Charles Russell's cross-examination of the witness was partly to show that up to a period within the last three years he had perfect confidence in Mr. Parnell's honour, and believed him innocent of encouraging outrage, and that having quarrelled with Mr. Parnell, he had spoken angrily to him and of him. A disclosure rather startling, though not bearing directly on the subject matter of the inquiry, was made by the witness during this cross-examination. To explain the destruction of certain memoranda formerly in his possession, he said that when and because there was believed to be a danger that the Government would have to agree to the appointment of a Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Kilmainham Treaty, Sir William Harcourt told him of Mr. Gladstone's wish that he should be as reticent as possible, and for this reason the memoranda were destroyed.

A QUESTION of some interest in respect to the exemption of religious endowments as alleged charities from income-tax has been decided by the Court of Queen's Bench. For the first time the Commissioners of Inland Revenue have made chargeable to the tax funds bequeathed in 1813 by a lady to be applied mainly in promoting the missionary and other objects of the Protestant Episcopalian calling themselves the United Brethren, but more generally known as Moravians. The claim to exemption was opposed on the part of the Crown on the ground that the purposes of the bequest were not "charitable purposes," under the Act, but that, being for the promotion of a special form of religious opinion, it was distinctly sectional, and not a public gift. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge (Mr. Justice Grantham dissenting) took this view, and the claim to exemption was rejected.

THE TRIAL OF MR. HENRY VIZETELLY for publishing unexpurgated English translations of some of Zola's worst novels came off at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday. The Solicitor-General having in his opening speech for the Crown, which prosecuted, read some of the most revolting passages in them, the proceedings were interrupted by the defendant's substitution of "Guilty" for his previous plea of "Not Guilty," which was accompanied by an assurance from his counsel that he would remove the objectionable works from circulation. The Recorder sentenced him to pay a fine of 100/-, and to enter into his own recognisances in 200/- to be of "good behaviour" for a year.

THE CASE OF THE JUBILEE HOSPITAL in Gloucester Terrace, South Kensington, which was reported in this column when first tried, has been before the Court of Appeal. Mr. Justice Kekewich decided that the maintenance of the hospital was a breach of the covenants in the lease, which provided that the house should not be put to any use which involved "annoyance, nuisance, grievance, or damage," and he granted an injunction accordingly. The defendant who conducted the Hospital appealed, and the Court of Appeal have confirmed Mr. Justice Kekewich's decision, simply on the ground that the maintenance of the Hospital could not be reasonably considered as other than "annoyance." The Hospital, it has since been intimated, is to be removed to "suitable premises close at hand."

PROCEEDINGS HAVE BEEN successfully taken in the Marlborough Police Court by the Inland Revenue authorities against another of those self-styled "clubs," which are resorted to miscellaneously for drinking and gambling. In this case the "club" was located in a street off Tottenham Court Road. An Excise officer entered it, and being told, on asking for a drink, that before being supplied he must be elected a member, he paid the half-crown required as a preliminary to election, but—without undergoing that ordeal—was soon supplied at a bar with whisky, brandy, and cigars. Card-playing was going on, and besides sixty men, forty young women were present. Corroborative evidence having been given, and the usual defence that it was a *bona fide* club having been set up, the magistrate imposed a fine of 50/- on each of two defendants who had been found in charge of the establishment.



MUSIC IN THE PROVINCES.—The Mayor of Liverpool, last Saturday, delivered an elaborate defence of the claims of Liverpool to be considered a musical centre, and Mr. Carl Rosa followed on with a couple of speeches, one warmly advocating the formation of local municipal orchestras, and the other championing opera in the vernacular, against opera in Italian or any other foreign language. Sir Charles Hallé has likewise spoken in Manchester, but almost exclusively in reply to congratulations on his marriage, and on his long service as an orchestral conductor and pianist in the provinces. The most important point opened up was, however, that in which Mr. Carl Rosa recommended the formation of local bands. There is no doubt that the lack of symphony orchestras, such as exist in every important town in Germany, greatly hinders the adequate development of musical art itself in various provincial centres. Sir Charles Hallé has in Manchester a first-rate body of instrumentalists, which likewise other towns, and do duty for

Liverpool and Leeds. At Birmingham, Bristol, and other places, bands can be readily collected from local sources, and Mr. Manns takes an orchestra from London to Scotland for ten weeks every year. But a resident symphony orchestra identified with any particular provincial city is almost unknown. Mr. Carl Rosa, borrowing a suggestion from the Germans, wants the municipalities to subvene such bands. Whether local rates or local funds could in England legally be devoted to such an object is not quite clear, although, at any rate, the Borough organist is subvened and paid by the Municipality in several country places, and this, perhaps, may be cited as some sort of precedent in Mr. Rosa's favour. But the heavy cost of English orchestras is against him. In Germany, advertisements are frequently seen in the papers for principals at a pound a-week, and the supply of such performers largely exceeds the demand. In England, salaries run twice or three times higher, and Mr. Carl Rosa's suggested orchestra would cost the Municipality at least seven or eight thousands a-year. No Local Council would dream of voting such a sum, which, as one of the civic dignitaries of Liverpool somewhat sententiously remarked, "is more than we pay for our lunatic asylum."

THE RUSSIAN OPERA.—In some of Monday morning's papers advertisements appeared announcing that the Russian Opera season at the Jodrell Theatre had been abandoned. The advertisements were subsequently countermanded (though too late for the *Times*, and one or two other journals), and announcements were substituted that Mr. Winogradow would during the present week sing the titular part in Rubinstein's *Demon*, these being his last appearances prior to his engagement with Mr. Augustus Harris for Italian Opera.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—A selection of smaller novelties was at last Saturday's concert followed by an excellent performance under Mr. Manns, and with Misses Anna Williams and Curran and Mr. Lloyd as soloists, of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*. Neither of the new works by the Norwegian composer Grieg made very much impression. The "Autumn" overture is a transcription of a pianoforte duet, and it was in its orchestral guise originally performed at the recent Birmingham Festival, but it hardly improves on repetition. A scene for two lady vocalists, female chorus, and orchestra, based on the Norwegian poet Björnson's "At the Convent Gate," fell almost flat, mainly because Mr. Grieg has neglected to impart the necessary variety to his orchestration, or to invest the consolatory hymn of the nuns with sufficient dignity. In short, he has taken too gloomy a view of a sad story, in which a heart-broken damsel, who has been eye-witness of the slaying of her father by her lover, now claims from the world's strife the rest which in such circumstances religion alone can grant. Dr. Mackenzie's new *Benedictus* was more satisfactory, and it left the audience with the very excellent impression that it was only far too short. In this little work a violin solo, which Lady Hallé introduced last year at one of her husband's recitals, was played by all the violins, and its composer has likewise furnished an effective accompaniment for wind and the bass strings. Last of all, Mr. J. F. Barnett performed his new organ *Offertoire*, a bright and graceful piece in the French style, originally intended for the Birmingham Festival, but at that meeting postponed.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concert-season is now beginning, and in a week or two it will be in full swing. For example, the Monday Popular Concerts will start on Monday week, when, among other things, a chamber-work by Dr. Mackenzie will be performed, and Lady Hallé and Miss Fanny Davies will appear. Next Wednesday the Royal Choral Society will give their first performance, and Madame Albani will sing in Mozart's *Requiem* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The London Symphony Concerts will begin on the 20th, and the Ballad Concerts on the 21st.—Recent concerts have not been of very striking importance. On Saturday Mr. Jerome Hopkins, the American musician, announced a performance of his children's opera *Toffee and Old Munch*, and on Monday Mr. Thomas Murby produced his children's cantata, *Elsa and the Imprisoned Fairy*, a work containing some pretty songs, and several choruses for juvenile voices. Five smoking concerts have also been given at clubs and elsewhere, but these, being of a semi-private character, cannot be noticed in this column.—On Wednesday the Albert Hall season was opened with a "Hallowe'en" concert, given by Mr. Carter. Mr. Sims Reeves, who was not in very good voice, sang three times, and Miss Josephine Simon, from San Francisco, made a moderately successful *début*.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti will in a few weeks sing at the Paris Grand Opéra, under the composer's *bâton*, the rôle of Juliet in M. Gounod's opera, the chief parts in which she and Mario "created" at Covent Garden in 1867.—The official budget of the Paris Opéra shows that M. Lassalle receives 440/-, M. Jean de Reszke 240/-, and M. Edouard de Reszke 200/- per month. The ratio between baritone and tenor would, in all other countries but France, be widely different. It is not generally known that all three of these artists live and share housekeeping expenses together—a touching spectacle almost without parallel in operatic life.—Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will leave England in March for a long tour in the United States.—Dr. Mackenzie has accepted an offer to have conferred upon him the honorary degree of Mus. Bac. Cantab.—The first edition of 2,500 copies of the Birmingham Festival cantata, *Callirhoe*, by Dr. J. F. Bridge, has been sold out, and another edition of 5,000 is in hand. The Westminster Abbey organist, who has preserved the copyright of this work, may be esteemed fortunate.—Madame Trebelli is practically convalescent, and will sing at the Patti Concert at the Albert Hall next month.—A three weeks' season of German Opera in London is again projected next year.—Marie Tietjens, a seventeen-year-old niece of the once celebrated dramatic soprano, Teresi Tietjens, will shortly make her *début* in public as a vocalist.



THE fine acting of M. Lafontaine in the character of Colonel Deshayes (the original of Mr. Hare's part in *The Queen's Shilling*) has consoled the audience at the ROYALTY for the disappointment naturally felt by those who remember Mr. Godfrey's adaptation of *Le Fils de Famille* at the St. James's. Somehow the characters which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal made so interesting, appear in this performance to retire into comparative insignificance. The play belongs to a period when the influence of Scribe, though waning, was still felt. Its neat ingenuity, however, though now little valued on the French stage, still pleases our audiences who have never acquired any very decided taste for the "pamphlets in action," which MM. Dumas the younger and Émile Augier have introduced.

It would be rather late in the day to complain that Messrs. Sims and Pettit have laid the irreverent hand of the burlesque writer upon Goethe's immortal tragedy, for one more burlesque of *Faust* cannot, it may fairly be said, make much difference. *Faust Up to Date*, which was produced at the reopening of the GAIETY for the regular season on Monday evening, is "up to date" by virtue of the fact that it introduced such scenes as the gardens of the Italian

Exhibition at West Brompton and the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, and interlards its dialogue with allusions to the Naval Manœuvres, the new County Councils, the once dark, but now abundantly illuminated misdeeds of certain members of the moribund Board of Works, and so forth. For those persons (and, judging from the reception accorded to this piece, they are neither few nor weak in the lungs) who can derive pleasure from beholding Miss Florence St. John as Margaret (or "Marguerite," as the burlesque writers prefer to call her) transformed into a pert barmaid, and seeing the same clever person and accomplished vocalist carried off by the youthful Faust on a fire engine by way of travesty of the well-remembered "Apotheosis" at the Lyceum, the authors of this piece have not written in vain. Mr. Lonneman is not at present able to extract much fun from the part of Mephistopheles, and even his rather clever song, "I'll have 'em by and by," fell a trifle flat. The scenery, however, is picturesque, the costumes brilliant, the music tuneful, and the dances and pageantry fully up to the standard of the recognised home of this class of pieces.

Mr. Augustus Harris has once more been successful in his efforts to "restrict the output" of Pantomime at Christmas. As a consequence the new pantomime at DRURY LANE will have no rival in its neighbour Covent Garden. The latter theatre is once more to be given up in the holidays to equestrian and acrobatic performances. Messrs. Hengler will have the management of these entertainments.

Mr. Hawtrey's new burlesque, entitled *Atalanta*, which is in preparation at the STRAND, is to be mounted and "dressed" after designs by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield.

Miss Wallis defends the autumnal aspect of the scenery in *As You Like It* at the new SHAFESBURY, and asks her critics to bear in mind Orlando's words to old Adam, "Thou liest in the bleak air." Mr. Emden also maintains that "carpet-bedding" and "ribbon-borders" in Duke Frederick's garden are warranted by something of the kind which he has found in "Les Arts au Moyen Age." It is grievous to reflect that in these vulgar artificialities we have perversely adopted the cast-off follies of mediæval times.

Both the OLYMPIC and the AVENUE closed last Saturday evening. The latter house re-opens to-night (Saturday) with M. Chassaigne's new opera, entitled *Nady*. For the Olympic, which has not prospered of late, Miss Agnes Hewitt is understood to be seeking a tenant.

Although the American fire-engine in *The Still Alarm* has served to keep that ill-contrived and poorly-written American drama in the bill of the PRINCESS's for a longer time than might have been expected, its run has now come to an end. After the representation of this evening the theatre will be closed, to re-open on Thursday next with Mr. Pettit's *Hands Across the Sea*, a play that has been performed in the country.

Cromwell has just been introduced on the Dresden stage of Herr Tempeltey, who is much more tender towards the character of the Lord Protector than Mr. Wills. His inspiration has been drawn from Carlyle's "elucidations." The play, which takes its title from the name of this hero, is praised for the dialogue and the acting, but the German critics complain of a rather poor construction.

The somewhat straitened condition of French finances has suggested the suppression of the subsidies to the theatres. M. Delpit, the well-known novelist and dramatist, expresses himself decidedly against the subsidies, which, in his opinion, do no good for dramatic art. He admits, however, that old habit will probably prove too strong for reformers of his way of thinking, though money is sadly wanted at the French treasury, and the subsidies are calculated to amount altogether to something like 60,000/- a year.

Miss Mary Anderson has sailed for America with her company, bearing with her, it is said, a new poetical drama by Lord Tennyson on the subject of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. Whether Miss Anderson is to play Maid Marian is a secret not yet divulged. Besides this special mark of favour, the Poet Laureate has written some new lyrics for *The Cup*, which will be introduced by this lady when she appears in America in Miss Ellen Terry's original part in that play.



THE TURF.—Interest in the Houghton Meeting fell off very much after the decision of the Cambridgeshire. Next year it has been decided to put both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire later in their respective weeks—probably on the Thursday. This will be a distinct improvement. On Thursday the Cheveley Stakes fell to Workington, Sheen beat Acme and three others in the Free Handicap Sweepstakes, Dolores won the Houghton Handicap Plate for Lord Durham, and Noble Chieftain a Plate for Lord Penrhyn. Next day, Rêve d'Or beat Cotillon for the Jockey Club Cup, Phil beat Theodore in the Select Handicap Plate, and Antibes won the Free Handicap. George Barrett rode four winners. At Worcester, Abeyance won the Autumn Handicap Plate.

This week opened with Meetings at Brighton and Hull. At the former, on Tuesday, St. Symphorian won the Marine Plate, Dornoch the Autumn Plate, and Treasure the Kemp Town Plate, while next day The Jesuit was successful in the Hassocks Plate, and Your Grace in the Bristol Mile Nursery Handicap Plate. At the latter, Prince Rudolph, Brink, and Rushout were among the winners on the first day, and Scope and Lasso on the second.

The weights for the Liverpool Autumn Cup were published last week. Kinsky was awarded the heaviest impost of 8 st. 12 lbs., and then came Satiety with 8 st. 10 lbs. Neither of them has accepted, however, and the weights have been raised three pounds all round. Fullerton (8 st. 12 lbs.) is now at the head. At the time of writing, Acme (8 st. 2 lbs.) and Trayles (7 st. 3 lbs.) were most in demand at 8 to 1.

FOOTBALL.—Among the clubs thrown out in the second round of the qualifying competition for the Association Cup, decided on Saturday, were Darwen, Blackburn, Olympic, Bolton Wanderers, Old Foresters, Old Harrovians, London Caledonians, and Casuals. Grimsby Town, who played two draws before they finally beat Lincoln City in the first round, again drew, this time with Newark. In League matches Preston North End easily beat Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Aston Villa just managed to defeat Accrington. In ordinary matches the North Enders beat Notts Forest, Old Westminsters and Casuals both fell victims to Cambridge University, and London drew with Sussex. At West Bromwich the Canadians were beaten by the Albion, and at the Oval (where the Prince of Wales witnessed the game) by the Swifts. This was their last match. Of their twenty-three matches nine were won and nine lost—a very good record under the circumstances.

Rugbywise, the "Maoris" were beaten by Hull and Wakefield Trinity, but revenged themselves on Dewsbury. Blackheath, in their northern tour, were beaten by Bradford and Manchester; and Huddersfield, in their southern excursion, won two matches, but lost that against Cambridge University. Oxford University succumbed to East Sheen, but beat Sandhurst; and Richmond defeated Liverpool.

SCULLING.—Peter Kemp, the Champion of the World, was defeated on Saturday last, over the Parramatta course, by Searie, who is evidently, if the contest was *bona fide*, the coming man. Kemp does not seem to have been any the worse for his exertions



SWINGING ROUND A CURVE

C. STANFORD

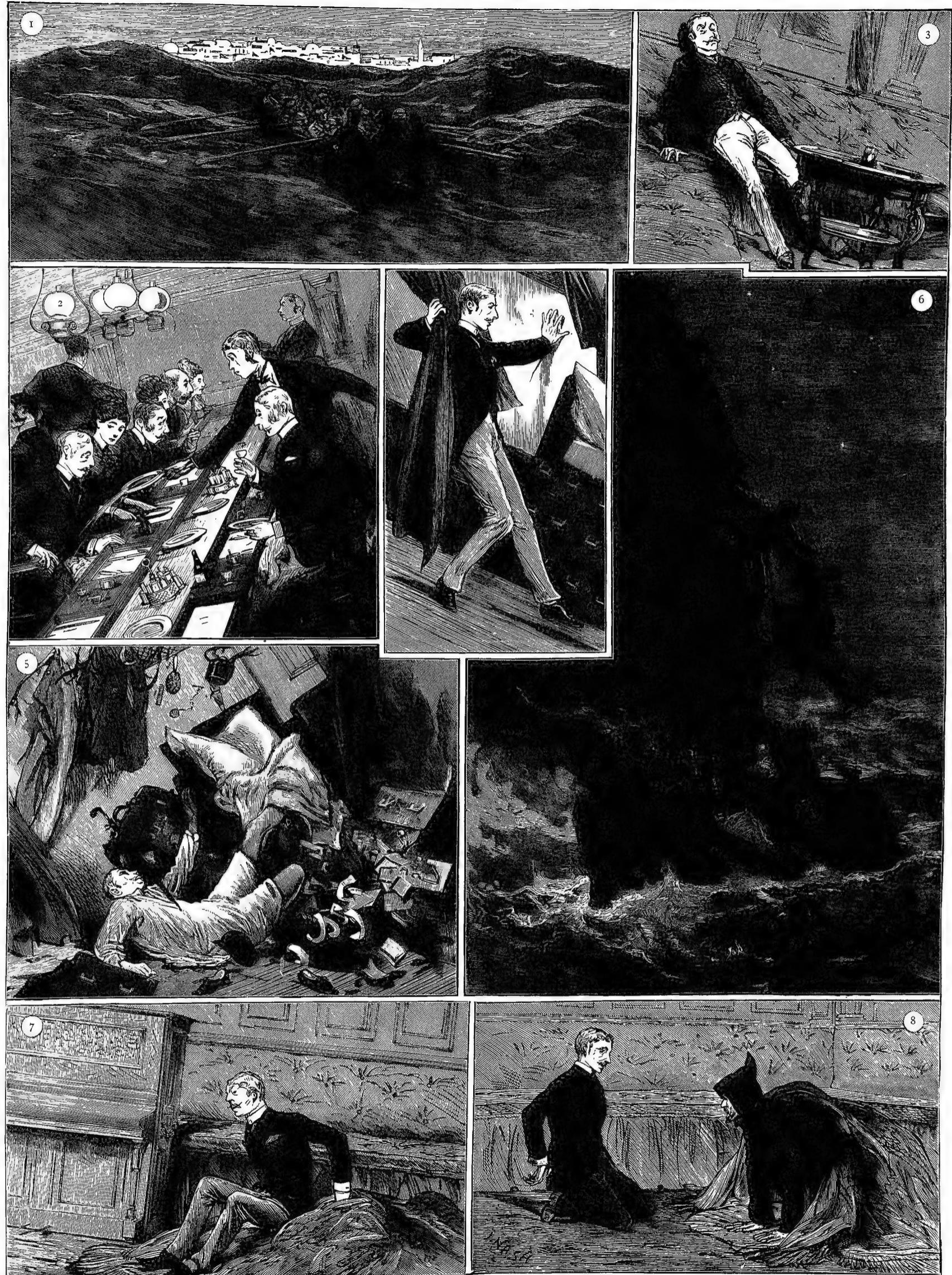
BLIND CYCLISTS ON THEIR WAY FROM LONDON TO DERBY
(THE STEERER OF EACH MACHINE COULD SEE)



THE RECENT VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO ROUMANIA

THE QUEEN'S PICNIC IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS, NEAR SINAIA

Among those present were:—The King and Queen of Roumania, Prince of Wales, Prince of Wied, Baron von Reck, Sir Frank Lascelles, Major-General Ellis, Major-General Keith-Fraser, Hon. Tyrwhitt-Wilson, Mr. R. J. Kennedy, and Hon. Mrs. Kennedy



1. Just before dark, when the chief steward went ashore to the post, the sea was not so smooth as it had been, but I was told it was customary weather for Jaffa
2. At dinner I was helped to soup in a manner that I believe is also customary at Jaffa
3. So that later on I was not surprised to find myself slipping about on the shiny leather cushions of the Smoking Room

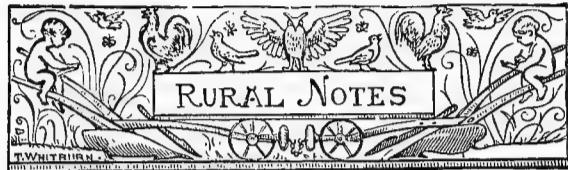
4. At 10 P.M. I had serious thoughts about retiring for a night's rest
5. But soon before midnight I abandoned the idea
6. And hearing some of our passengers had returned from Jerusalem, I went on deck to see them get on board. (Mem.—It was a fine night overhead)

7. Feeling more composed after the diversion I again courted slumber, this time on the floor of the music room, casting myself upon a heap of rugs that littered a corner
8. But the heap of rugs (otherwise an indignant dragoon) objected to the proceeding; and rest was denied me

for on Monday, over the same course, he defeated his old opponent, Neil Matterson. Beach has been induced to come out of his shell, or rather to re-enter his "shell," and is to row Hanlan yet once more at the end of the year.

BILLIARDS.—Peall gave Mitchell a dreadful drubbing in their spot-barred match at the Aquarium last week, and the latter seems likely to suffer a similar fate this week at the hands of M'Neill, who has been making nursery cannons as it was thought only Roberts and Cook could make them. White has challenged Mitchell, and Peall has challenged White. The former cartel may lead to business.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There are two interesting items of news regarding "Slogger" Sullivan, who still believes himself to be the "unknown" who is to encounter Kilrain. One is that, not for the first time in his history, he has "sworn off" "No man who is a friend of mine," he says, "will ever ask me to drink again." Let us hope he will keep his word. The other is that he has been appointed Sporting Editor of the *New York Illustrated News*. Judging by the specimens of "John L.'s" conversational style published some time ago, the readers of the *N. Y. I. N.* have some curious reading in store for them.—H. M. Johnson who, a year or two back, was reported to have run 100 yards in 94-5th secs., is said to have lately repeated the feat twice in one day. American "clocking," however, is apt to be more enthusiastic than correct.—Mr. G. P. Mills has smashed another record. Last week he tricycled 50 miles in considerably less than three hours.



TWO FINE DAYS.—The language of the English citizen towards the weather is so generally that of imprecation, that it is to be feared his tongue has almost lost the power to bless. It would, however, be ingratITUDE indeed to pass over unheeded the weather of the 27th and 28th October. The Meteorological Office have no cause to boast, for their predictions were gloomy in the extreme. But Nature for once was kinder than her self-elected interpreters. As the 27th (Saturday last) wore on the sun broke through the clouds, a gentle breeze from the S.W. sprang up, and the day became wholly delightful, as soft and warm as a typical May, and infinitely more enjoyable than most days of that month, wherein easterly currents are apt, even under bright sunshine, to prevail. The air was of that peculiarly benign quality as to feel actively health-bringing, while the brightness of the sunshine as marked by clearness and depth in shadow was very remarkable for waning autumn. The night of the 27th was extremely warm, but not cloudy. Orion and the other constellations shone with an almost frosty brilliancy, though the air was soft and balmy. The sunrise of Sunday last was one of the most splendid spectacles which has ever gladdened our northern skies, for once, at least by no means "obscurely bright." The scientist must be left to tell us why the red of the sunrise was so pure, that is to say, why it was neither dulled by yellow into orange, or shadowed by blue into crimson, but was of the richest cardinal or carmine colour, comparable only to the richest stained glass. At Christchurch, on the 19th August, we saw the same splendid hue, which was then backed by a pure green colour in the sky. On Sunday last, however, the red was seen against yellow and amber light.

THE WHEAT CROP OF 1888.—Sir John Lawes has sent us his annual report of the English wheat crop based upon the scientific experiments which have now been proceeding at Rothamsted for thirty-seven years. The gist of the report appears to be that the mean yield of 1888 is put at 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ bushels to the acre, with an average weight of 59 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. to the bushel, equal only to 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ bushels reckoned at the average weight of 61 lbs. to the bushel. Taking the average population of the United Kingdom for the harvest year 1888-9 at rather over 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions, the estimated requirements for consumption according to Sir John Lawes would be 26,675,892 qrs. The area under wheat is reported to have been 2,668,426 acres, or nearly 300,000 acres more than last year. This area at 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of 61 lb. would yield 8,947,480 qrs.; deducting two bushels per acre for seed, there would remain 8,281,621 qrs. available for consumption. The statistics of Sir John are puzzling unless very carefully read. This season's wheat, in quantity and weight, seems to be very near the average of thirty-six years.

IMPORTS on the basis of these figures may be expected to equal 18,394,271 quarters, or over 350,000 quarters a week. The consumption of wheat, however, is perhaps over-estimated by Sir John Lawes, and the yield of the present year is almost certainly exaggerated. Sir John Lawes is tied to his own figures, and does not profess to give an estimate except on the theory that the

inaccuracies of his experiments equalise themselves over a number of years. This should be borne in mind very clearly in fairness alike to the eminent experimentalist, and in respect to the value attaching to the estimate of any one year. Sir John Lawes is most helpful when he tells us that the 37 years' average of Great Britain is 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ bushels to the acre, that the average weight is 59 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. to the bushel, and that the average yield of straw is 27 cwt. to the acre.

FARMYARD MANURE seems to be at its maximum of fertilising value in a wet season, plots of wheat well supplied with dung having yielded 38 bushels to the acre, whereas the most successful of all the artificial manures has only given 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ bushels, and the least successful has been as low as 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ bushels. The chances of poor and unmanured land are very slight in a wet period, and are put by Sir John Lawes at 10 bushels to the acre only, or three bushels below the average. It should be mentioned that in the present year the land which has been well dunged has yielded heavier weight as well as larger quantity of wheat, but the yield of straw has been greatest under the stimulus of certain artificial manures.

SHEEP.—At Manchester Fair on Tuesday last, Mr. J. Harris sold by auction 101 wether lambs from Mr. George Judd's flock, for 397 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., or an average of 78s. 9d. each; also 101 from Mr. C. King's, for 374 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., or an average of 74s. 2d. each; also 100 from Mr. F. R. Hunt's, for 333 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., or an average of 66s. 6d. each. We have a great and, as we hope, wholesome terror of the word "unprecedented," but with the exception of 200 lambs sold at the same fair in October, 1882, for 823 $\frac{1}{2}$, or over 80s. a head, we have never heard of these prices being equalled. The Hampshire Down herd, which has been very prominent for the last ten years, is more than holding its own. The cry of the present day is all for early maturity, and it is to be noted that none of the lambs sold last Tuesday were over ten months old.

APPLES.—Complaints are heard that orchards no longer pay, though bush fruit has made the fortunes of many farmers within the past ten years. The decay of the growing of apples for cider and the poorness of the general demand for cider and perry are much to be regretted, and it is not at all certain that the best temperance movement of the future will not be in favour of wholesome nutritive and only mildly intoxicant drinks, such as perry, cider, and good light ale and barley wine, rather than in the direction of the entire neglect of fermented and stimulating fluids. The growth of good apples for cider and a careful preparation of the cider itself are matters worthy the consideration of Devonshire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire farmers, who also will always get a profit on really fine table fruit such as their climate allows them to produce.

FIFTEEN MONTHS OF COLD WEATHER is a brief summary of the past sixty-three weeks. During this period the mean weekly temperature of the country has exceeded the average only 10 times, while 49 weeks have been abnormally cold. Four weeks in September of the present year were above the average in day heat, but colder than usual at night, and the average therefore was just attained. The total loss of heat to the country amounts to 1,200 deg. of fructifying and stimulating power, being a net loss of nearly 3 deg. each day. The weeks of greatest comparative cold have been—10th to 17th October, 1887; 20th to 27th February, 1888; 29th April, 5th March, 1888; 2nd to 9th April, 1888; and 1st to 8th October, 1888. During the month of October, 1888, there were twenty-two night frosts, and the mean temperature of the United Kingdom, from September, 1887, to April, 1888, was the lowest for fifty years. Snow has fallen in Scotland during every month of 1888.

THE LATE LORD MOUNT-TEMPLE will be remembered by many readers of "Rural Notes." He brought in an Allotment Bill forty years before that of Mr. Jesse Collings; he joined the Agricultural and Horticultural Co-operative Association, Mr. Ruskin's Guild of St. George, and, as brother-in-law to Lord Tollemache, stimulated that nobleman to grant cow-plots to cottage tenants, and to let small holdings under generous conditions, such as all the agricultural world are finding examples to be followed.

OUR FLOCKS IN WINTER.—The attention that has been drawn by Mr. Kains-Jackson's circular letter to the Press to the subject of protecting sheep on hills and bare plains during winter by applying a "dip," that improves the wool and increases the resisting powers of the fleece against cold and wet, has caused contrary opinions to be expressed. The main objection to autumn dipping of sheep is that it is unnecessary to well-fed sheep—and it is claimed that "all sheep are now well-fed, in order to mature them early into mutton." However, a writer in the *Agricultural Gazette* takes the middle road, and, whilst he found the black-faced sheep on the Yorkshire moors were advantageously protected, it was not necessary to dip or smear the close-woollen, trough-fed Southdown, and similar breeds. The appeal made was, in fact, on behalf of the poorly-fed and exposed flocks in winter; and the great majority of flocks and herds are not yet so well fed and protected as the few that are hurried up for the butcher under the system of "early maturing stock."

MR. M'LEAN'S GALLERY

THERE are very few pictures of human interest in Mr. M'Lean's small exhibition, but it is remarkably strong in cattle pieces. Several years have elapsed since anything by Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur has been shown in England so completely satisfactory as her "Pasturage in the Pyrenees." The magnificent bull and the cows and calves grouped around him are depicted with almost unsurpassable skill. The delicate gradations of colour in the clear southern sky, the distant mountains, and the rich and varied vegetation are equally beautiful and true, and the picture as a whole is in perfect keeping. After this the most important work in the collection is Van Marcke's large and effective "Dutch Pasture Land." It is an excellent example of his work, remarkable for its harmony of colour and composition as well as for the sound draughtsmanship and truthful character of the animals. A small pastoral picture by M. C. Jacque, whose works are little known in England, is marked by strength of style, well-balanced composition, and broad simplicity of effect. Mr. Peter Graham appears to more than ordinary advantage in a small picture of cattle, "On the Banks of a Scotch Loch"; and a younger Scotch painter, Mr. L. B. Hurt, shows great ability in a Highland scene of lake and misty mountain, with well grouped cattle in the foreground. Of the few *genre* pictures in the room, R. Poetzelberger's small "Honeymoon" is beyond all comparison the best. It has grace of design, refined beauty of colour, and rare technical completeness. Very few oil pictures, if any, by Mr. Birket Foster have been exhibited in recent years. His two Italian views, "Bellagio" and "Orta," are very ably painted, but rather scenic and artificial. By the Belgian painter, P. J. Clays, there is a large and very luminous picture of fishing boats "Off Ostend," and, by Mr. Henry Moore, an admirable rendering of moving sea and sky, called "A Bright Day in the Channel."

MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERY

THE exhibition just opened at No. 6, Haymarket contains, together with a few pictures by well-known English painters, a large assemblage of continental works belonging to various schools, and showing great diversity of style and subject. The most striking of them, and unquestionably one of the best, is M. Dagnan Bouqueret's "Le Pardon, Bretagne," representing male and female peasants coming out of a church with lighted candles in their hands. The picture has admirable technical qualities, and it shows that the artist has a most penetrating perception of character. The devout young girl, the stern narrow-headed old peasant in the foreground, and the younger man behind, with an expression of fanatical exaltation on his face, who seems capable of any sacrifice or any atrocity for the sake of his faith, are strikingly true, if not very common, types of Breton character. Every head is marked by distinct individuality, and the scene as a whole conveys a vivid impression of actuality. On one side of this hangs a richly-coloured and truthful picture of a peasant girl by twilight, "Minding the Flock," by M. P. Billet; and on the other a small study of "A Gleaner of the Shore," by Josef Israels, somewhat vague and undefined in form, but exquisitely pure in tone.

The large domestic scene called "Besieged," on the opposite wall strikes us as the best of the late Frank Holl's pictures of dramatic interest. The face and figure of the peasant woman looking with alarm at the soldiers passing her cottage window are natural and expressive; and the contrast between the two children, one fearfully clinging to her mother's skirts, and the other too young to be conscious of danger, is well conceived. In addition to its human interest, the picture is remarkable for its well-balanced light and shade, its fullness of tone, and masterly handling. A large interior, "La Veillée," is a good example of M. Léon Lhermitte's robust style. The women and girls, busily working by lamp light, have not much physical beauty, but they are very true in character, and natural in their movements. Simplicity of general effect and minute elaboration of detail are combined in L. Deutsch's Oriental picture, "La Jeune Favorite." It is, however, entirely without dramatic interest. The young girl passing into the harem and the two old women behind her are veiled, and the faces of the Nubian slaves ranged against the wall are void of expression, and seem to have been painted from the same model. M. Eugène De Blaas has infused a great deal of vitality into his large picture of Venetian life, "C'Est Lui." The surprise and pleasure of the working girls at the arrival of a visitor are most naturally expressed. By Rafael Sorbi there is a rather artificial, but most dexterously-painted little picture of eighteenth-century Italian life, "The Stirrup Cup," and by C. Bisschop a Dutch interior, called "Sunny Moments," in which the glow of reflected light and colour on the graceful girl standing beside a window is admirably rendered. A low-toned pastoral scene, "Dewy Eve," by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, and a sea view, "On the First Flood," conveying a vivid sense of daylight, atmosphere, and space, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, are among the best of the remaining works.

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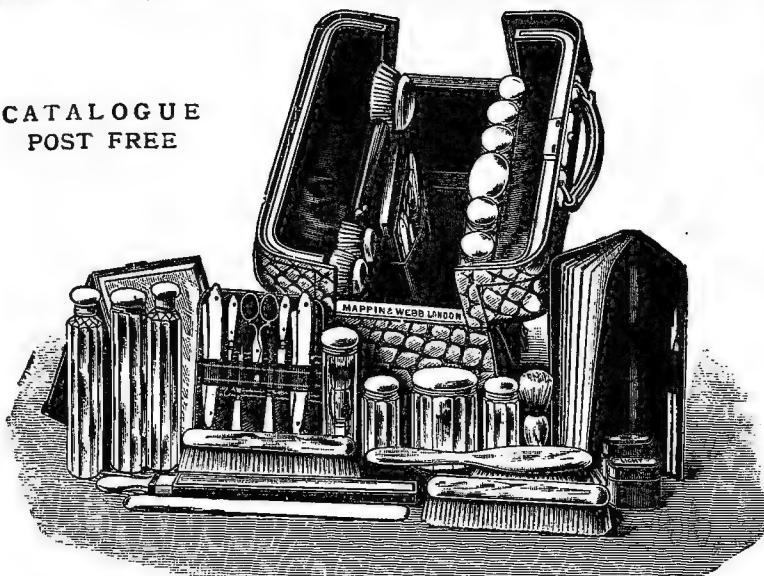
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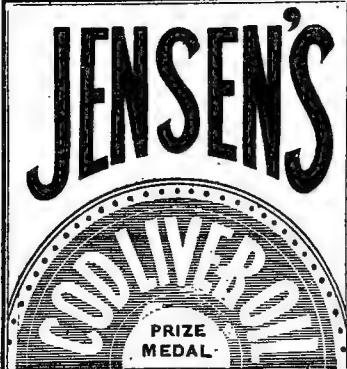
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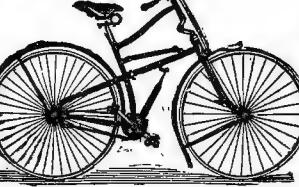


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"Mr. Bragg wishes to speak to you. And I will only assure you that he does so with my and your uncle's full knowledge and approbation."

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,
AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Two days after May's interview with Mrs. Bransby, Owen's weekly letter arrived. In it he informed her of the unexpected postponement of his return; and he mentioned having written this news to Mrs. Bransby in answer to a letter from her appealing to him for help and advice. But he did not expend many words on the Bransby family. He had to keep May minutely informed of his own doings, and of his prospects, so far as he could judge of them. And whatsoever time and space remained at his disposal when this was accomplished was devoted to a theme which touched him more nearly than the fortunes of gentle Louisa Bransby—although his regard for her was very real. Owen was deeply in love, and wrote love-letters. And that species of composition does not deal with circumstantial and connected narrative—at any rate, about third persons.

But although Owen did not return to England at the end of December, Mr. Bragg did. He appeared one day in Mrs. Dormer-Smith's drawing-room, when he was received by that lady with marked graciousness, and by May with a changing colour and shy eagerness which he might have been excused for misinterpreting.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith was delighted. May's behaviour appeared to her to be just what it ought to be. Uncle Frederick, too, who happened to be at home—for Mr. Bragg called at so unfashionably an early hour that the master of the house had not yet gone out to his club—had reason to be gratified. He took the opportunity of consulting Mr. Bragg as to a little investment he purposed making. And Mr. Bragg, while dissuading him from that particular investment, spontaneously offered to put his money into "a good thing" for him.

"I make it a rule not to advise people in general about such matters," said Mr. Bragg. "The responsibility's too great. Not to mention that if it once what you might call got wind that I did give such advice, I should have my time took up altogether with other people's business. And I don't see the force of that."

"Of course not! Most inconsiderate!" murmured Mr. Dormer-Smith.

"But I reserve the right to make exceptions now and then," continued Mr. Bragg. "And I shall be happy to be of use to you."

All this while no word had been said about Owen. May's secret consciousness made her too bashful to introduce his name. But at length Mr. Bragg mentioned it of his own accord. It was in

speaking of Mr. Bransby's death, Mr. Bragg expressed kindly sympathy with the widow; and added,

"She has one good friend, poor soul, anyway. My secretary takes the greatest interest in her. You know him, Miss Cheffington—Mr. Owen Rivers."

"Yes," answered May, in as constrained a tone as though the subject were distasteful to her. Yet the poor child was longing with all her heart to speak of Owen, and to hear him spoken of.

"To be sure you do. We used to meet him at the Miss Pipers' pretty well every evening, didn't we? Besides, he's a cousin of your great friend, Miss Hadlow."

"Oh, of course!" exclaimed Mrs. Dormer-Smith, with a sudden remembrance of that relationship, and a consequent increase of interest in Owen, whom personally she knew but very slightly. "A cousin of Constance Hadlow's! Yes, yes; I recall it now. Mrs. Griffin told me that his grandfather, who married a Lespoony—" She stopped, remembering that family genealogy was a subject not likely to be specially agreeable to Mr. Bragg, and asked that gentleman sweetly, "How do you like him? Does he do well?"

"First rate!" answered Mr. Bragg, emphatically.

May coloured with pleasure, and turned aside her face to hide a broad, childlike smile which stole over it.

"First rate," repeated Mr. Bragg. "He gives full satisfaction. Not but what there are little what you may call *twists* in him here and there. He's peculiar in some ways. But I never did expect angels from heaven to come down and do office-work for me. I consider myself lucky if I get honesty and fair industry. Now, Mr. Rivers is more than honest—he's honourable."

"Isn't that a distinction without a difference in this case?" asked Mr. Dormer-Smith, lightly.

"Well, no; I don't think so," answered Mr. Bragg, in his slow, pondering way. "You see, honesty makes a capital slow-combustion kind of fire, but if you want a white heat you must have honour. I can't express myself quite clear, but I have it in my mind."

"And so Mr. Rivers takes a great interest in this Mrs. Bransby," said Pauline. Her thoughts had been busy with this point ever since Mr. Bragg had uttered the words. And she was pleased that May should hear something like corroboration of the charge against Mrs. Bransby.

"Uncommon. He's quite what you might call devoted to her."

"She's a deuced pretty woman, isn't she?" put in Mr. Dormer-Smith, with a little knowing laugh.

Mr. Bragg replied, with perfect seriousness, "Mrs. Bransby is a lady of great personal attractions, and, so far as I know of her, most amiable. I'm sorry to hear she's left in poor circumstances. Martin Bransby seems to have made most imprudent speculations. If he'd have come to me, poor man, I could have given him some useful warnings; and would have done it, too. I'd have made one of my exceptions in his favour."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith's interest in the deceased Martin Bransby was too slight to enchain her attention. When the widow was no longer being spoken of, Pauline's thoughts flew off rapidly to the fashion and texture of May's wedding-dress (which had already haunted her solitary musings), and to the question whether Mr. Bragg would be likely to do anything for her boy Cyril, who was just about to be entered at the University. But her eyes remained fixed with a politely attentive look on Mr. Bragg, and, when he ceased speaking, she murmured plaintively, as being a safe thing to say, "That is so good of you!"

As soon as Mr. Bragg was gone, May sat down to write an account of his visit to Owen. Her heart swelled with pride as she repeated to him Mr. Bragg's words about himself. Indeed, she was so enthusiastic about Mr. Bragg that Owen jestingly told her in his next letter that he was growing jealous of his "master"—so he always termed Mr. Bragg.

It was out of the question that May should hint to Owen a word of the unkind things which were said of Mrs. Bransby. She could not bring her pen to write them. It seemed to her as if she could never even speak them to him. But she said all the most sympathetic and affectionate things she could think of about the poor widow and her children: being inspired by the malicious gossip only to a more chivalrous warmth on her friend's behalf. But yet—that gossip was like a barbed seed that clings where it alights, and could not wholly be shaken out of her memory. If she could but have spoken with Granny! She could not write all the confused feelings that were in her mind. To have tried to do so would have seemed almost like hinting something which might be construed into a doubt of Owen! But if she could speak, with her living voice, Granny—who loved her so much, and would listen with such understanding ears—would surely find the right words to conjure away the oppression which weighed on her spirits! She was ashamed of not feeling so happy as she had felt three weeks ago. And yet it was impossible to deny that a cloud—light and filmy, but still a cloud—had come between her and the sun. She

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THE GRAPHIC

was very lonely. Sometimes she was startled by the sudden recognition of how completely aloof she was in spirit from the beings around her.

Next to Owen's letters, her little cousins were her chief comfort. She had them with her as much as possible, helping them with their lessons, and joining in their play. Their brother Cyril being now at home from Harrow, the younger children received even less than the scanty share of her attention which their mother had ever vouchsafed to them. Mr. Dormer-Smith was a good deal engrossed by his eldest son; and Harold and Wilfred would have been forlorn indeed, at this time, but for Cousin May. Yes, the children were a great comfort to her:—and, after them, she liked Mr. Bragg's society better than that of most people! He was so closely associated with Owen.

Mr. Bragg had become a frequent and familiar guest at the Dormer-Smiths' house. Uncle Frederick highly valued his advice and assistance in financial matters, while Aunt Pauline was never tired of repeating his praises. Only—as she privately complained to her husband—he "hung fire" a little.

"Why in the world he shouldn't speak out, I cannot conjecture," said she, with that soft, suffering expression of countenance which Mr. Bragg's assiduous visits had recently banished for as much as two or three days together. "It really is not May's fault this time. Nothing could be nicer than she is to him. I should be uneasy about the Hautenvelles, but that they are spending the winter at Rome. And besides, Mrs. Griffin assured me that he wouldn't *look* at Felicia. In fact, he told her in plain terms that Miss Cheffington was the one young lady he admired. Dear Mrs. Griffin! I shall never forget what a friend she has been all through the affair. And the dear Duchess! But really, Mr. Bragg does hang fire most unaccountably! I think it is beginning to tell on May herself, a little. She mopes. Now that is a *very* serious matter, for her complexion is of the delicate kind which will not stand worry."

The New Year opened dark and damp in London. But the external gloom did not quench social gaiety, of which there was a good deal going on at this time. Mrs. Dormer-Smith entered into it, and insisted on May's entering into it, as much as possible. She reflected that this would be the last year during which she would have the assistance of May's allowance, and that it would be well to profit by it to the utmost while it lasted. The allowance was never expended in any way by which May could not benefit. For example, if Mrs. Dormer-Smith were going to a dinner-party without her niece, she would not spend May's money on the hire of a carriage to save her own hard-worked brougham horse. But when May accompanied her she would do so. And on such occasions she would indulge in some little extra elegance of dress, on the plea (quite genuinely preferred) that she *must* be decently dressed in the girl's interests.

In spite of Theodore Bransby's recent mourning they frequently met in society.

"It is my duty to keep up my social connections," he would say to Mrs. Dormer-Smith, with a grave, resigned air. And no one could have more fully appreciated and approved the sentiment than she did.

Theodore travelled rather frequently backwards and forwards between London and Oldchester in these days. He was busy in the neighbourhood of his native city, preparing the ground for his political campaign; while he was constantly attracted to London with the hope of seeing May. He had discovered that Mrs. Bransby wrote sometimes to Owen Rivers, and he frequently volunteered to give her items of news about May, which he thought and hoped she might transmit to Spain. Miss Cheffington had sat near him at Lady A.'s dinner-party; he had escorted Miss Cheffington and her aunt to Mrs. B.'s *sorée musicale*; Mrs. C. had given him a seat in her box at the theatre, where he met Miss Cheffington—and so forth.

"Miss Cheffington appears to be very gay!" said Mrs. Bransby once, with a sigh, not envious, but regretful; her own life was so dull and dark.

"Miss Cheffington is very much in the world, of course. Her birth and her beauty entitle her to a good deal of attention, and she gets it. I see no objection to that. On the contrary, it delights me that she should be admired."

His stepmother stared at him in sudden surprise.

"Theodore!" she exclaimed, impulsively. "There is nothing between you and May, is there?"

He drew himself up, and answered in as coldly offended a tone as though he had not desired, and even angled for, that very question. "Excuse me, Mrs. Bransby, but I do not think it well to use a young lady's name in that way. It is too delicate a matter to be handled at all in its present stage."

"Don't you believe him, mother," said Martin, when Theodore had gone away. "May Cheffington isn't likely to think of him."

"I don't know, Martin. It may not seem likely to us, because—"

"Because we know what Theodore is," interposed Martin, boldly.

His mother let that suggestion lie, but she said: "You must remember, my boy, that Theodore has many qualities which—*he* is very well educated, and clever, and gentlemanlike."

"No; that he is *not*!" put in the irrepressible Martin.

"And he probably has a distinguished career before him. Besides, he is rich now, you know."

"As if May would care for *that*!" exclaimed Martin, with innocently lofty disdain.

"Her friends might care for it for her," answered Mrs. Bransby, thoughtfully.

She had fallen into the habit of consulting with Martin on all kinds of subjects. Sometimes she reproached herself for harassing the boy with cares and questions beyond his years. But, in truth, it would have been impossible at that time to keep Martin from sharing her cares; and the pride of being allowed to share her concerns also more than made him amends.

Mrs. Bransby had a lodger now—a lodger who was the incubus of her life. He was an elderly German, engaged in the City; and, besides occupying the chamber which Theodore had ordained must be let if possible, he breakfasted with the family every day, and dined with them on Sundays. The man was vulgar, greedy, and sullen in his manners. His habits at table, without being absolutely gross, were revolting to Mrs. Bransby's refinement. And his exigencies on the score of the Sunday dinner were such as to keep her in constant anxiety, and to excite boundless indignation in Phoebe. Phoebe, indeed, so detested Mr. Bucher, that Mrs. Bransby was occasionally reduced to beg for a cessation of hostilities; and (very much against the grain) to plead Mr. Bucher's cause even with tears in her eyes.

Such being the state of things, it can well be imagined with what an ebullition of joy Mrs. Bransby hailed a letter from Owen Rivers, announcing his approaching arrival in London, and proposing himself to her as a lodger. He would like, he said, to board entirely with the family, and offered terms which Mrs. Bransby feared were almost too generous. Martin, it is needless to say, enthusiastically welcomed the idea of having Owen Rivers to live with them. And Phoebe's delight in the prospect of Mr. Bucher's being speedily superseded made her volunteer to prepare his favourite pudding on the very next Sunday, although hitherto she had obstinately professed the blankest ignorance of its composition.

Before, however, giving the unpopular Mr. Bucher notice to quit her house, Mrs. Bransby thought herself bound to consult Theodore. Her mind misgave her lest Theodore, who, as she knew, detested Owen Rivers, should strongly set his face against receiving him; and she wrote her letter to her step-son in considerable trepidation.

But, to her surprise, she speedily received an answer entirely approving the plan. It was not gracious; Theodore was never gracious to her. But that was a small matter in comparison with obtaining his consent to the arrangement, and his consent was unmistakably given.

"I believe," he wrote, "that you will be justified in taking Rivers for a lodger, if you wish it. I meet his employer, Mr. Bragg, very frequently at the house of Mrs. Dormer-Smith, and he apparently intends to retain Rivers in his service—at all events, for the present. You will therefore, I should say, be quite sure of regular payments."

So Owen's offer was joyfully and gratefully accepted.

He had, of course, written to tell May as nearly as possible the time of his arrival in England, but he had not mentioned his scheme of living with the Bransbys, fearing lest it might not be practicable. He did not, in fact, receive Mrs. Bransby's reply to his proposal until he was on his way home. He found it addressed, as he had directed Mrs. Bransby, to the "Poste Restante" in Paris, where he spent one day on business for Mr. Bragg. And thus it chanced that the first intimation which May received of the matter came from Theodore Bransby.

He was dining at the Dormer-Smiths'. Mr. Bragg was there also. It was what Mrs. Dormer-Smith called "a *very* quiet little dinner—just one or two people, quite cosily," and had been given simply and solely for Mr. Bragg. There was but one other guest, Lady Moppett. Mrs. Dormer-Smith did not consider Lady Moppett to be worth cultivating. She was rich, but not "in the best set." Moreover, she had a craze for music. Mrs. Dormer-Smith's private sentiment about all the Arts was akin to that of the Turkish potentate who inquired at a ball why they did not make their slaves dance for them, instead of taking all that trouble themselves! She considered, in fact, that the Muses ought to be kept in their places. But she would never have uttered any word approaching to such a Boëtian phrase. She had an almost perfect taste in phrases. There, however, sat Lady Moppett at her dinner-table. Mr. Dormer-Smith had stipulated for "some human being to speak to." Mr. Bragg must, of course, be left to May, and Mr. Dormer-Smith could not endure young Bransby. Theodore was not generally popular with his own sex, but Pauline had quite reinstated him in her good graces. And, indeed, how was it possible not to feel agreeably towards a young man whom Lord Castlecombe himself delighted to honour? Frederick, however, was not as sensitive as could be wished to that social influence.

Lady Moppett was an old acquaintance of her hosts, as has been stated. And, except on the subject of music, she was a good-humoured woman enough; making amends for the inflexible rigidity of her dogma as to the divine art by a rather broad indulgence towards the merely moral shortcomings of her fellow-creatures. Mr. Dormer-Smith led her out to dinner. Mr. Bragg, of course, conducted his hostess; and Theodore, therefore, had to give May his arm to the dining-room. There was no help for that. But the party was small and the table was round, and Mr. Bragg would not be far sundered from May. And once in the drawing-room Aunt Pauline would take care that he should have abundant opportunities for private conversation with her niece.

May endured Theodore's proximity far more graciously than would have been the case three months ago. He was not naturally quick at discerning the effect he produced on others, nor careful to spare their feelings. But Love stimulates the perceptions in a wonderful way. Prosaic though his subjects may be, the Arch-Magician has lost nothing of his cunning. And under his potent influence Theodore Bransby developed some little sympathetic insight into May's feelings. He even divined that part of her new, soft kindliness of manner towards himself was due to pity for his bereavement. And he had learned in a more unmistakeable way—for she had told him so—that she approved his care of his step-mother and young brothers and sisters. Theodore was pretty safe in vaunting his disinterested efforts on their behalf. Mrs. Bransby and May were effectually kept apart, and neither of them suspected that this was chiefly his doing.

He now, as he sat by May's side, had something in his mind which he greatly desired she should hear. But some feeling, unaccountable to himself—or, at least, which he did not choose to account for—made him hesitate to utter it to her directly. At length, in a little pause of the conversation, he bent slightly forward towards Mr. Bragg, who sat opposite to him, and said,

"I suppose you do not purpose returning to Spain, Mr. Bragg?"

"Me? Oh, no, I don't think I've any call to do so. And there's plenty for me to look after elsewhere."

"Of course! Transactions on such a *colossal* scale! When I heard that Rivers was coming back to London, I concluded that you had wound up the business which took you to Spain."

"Mr. Rivers has been very helpful to me, indeed. I feel myself under an obligation to him."

To say the truth, Mr. Bragg was impelled to offer this testimony, —even at the cost of dragging it in somewhat inopportune, —by his lively remembrance of sundry spiteful speeches made by young Bransby in former times. But rather to his surprise, Theodore did not now seek to divert the conversation from Owen's praises.

"Yes; Rivers has come out wonderfully well, I understand," said Theodore. "I hear a good deal about him. He is in constant correspondence with Mrs. Bransby; as, perhaps, you know?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Bragg, quietly. "No; I can't say I know it. By the way, I do call to mind Mrs. Bransby sending me a letter for him some time ago. Well, he may be in correspondence with her."

"Oh, he is. I have reason to know it, for I think he is the sole topic of conversation at my step-mother's house just now. The whole family are in a fever of excitement about his coming to live with them."

Without turning his head, or even glancing at May, he felt that she was listening with a new and suddenly concentrated attention. And he said to himself, with a glow of elation, "She did not know it."

"Ah! Really?" said Mr. Bragg, addressing himself to his dinner. The matter did not seem to him one of any very special interest. If young Rivers went to lodge at Mrs. Bransby's, it would probably be a good arrangement for both.

"Who's that? Anybody I know?" asked Lady Moppett from her place at the host's right hand.

Theodore answered, "I was merely speaking of a man named Rivers, who—"

"Owen Rivers? Oh, of course I know him. A dreadful heretic! He enunciates the most intolerable, old-fashioned stuff! And he's so frightfully obstinate; battles, and argues one down, positively! I really have no patience. But what about him? Is he going to be married?"

"Not that I know of," replied Theodore, with his correct air, and an odd effect, as though his white cravat and shirt-front had been suddenly petrified.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you said something of the sort."

"By Jove, more unlikely things have happened," put in Mr. Dormer-Smith, jocosely. "He's exposing himself to a tremendous fire. Dangerous work for a fellow to live under the roof of a lovely and captivating woman who sets him up as a kind of 'guide, philosopher, and friend,'—eh?"

"Dangerous! I should think the end of *that* arrangement is a foregone conclusion!" exclaimed Lady Moppett. "Mr. Rivers is a very agreeable young fellow—when he isn't talking about music. But who's your 'lovely and captivating woman?' Does anybody know her?"

There was an instant's pause, during which Pauline cast an expressive glance of the most poignant reproach at her husband. Then Theodore answered very gravely, "Mr. Dormer-Smith was merely jesting. The lady is Mrs. Martin Bransby:—my father's widow."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE following morning Mrs. Dormer-Smith was in a flutter of excitement. She left her bedroom fully an hour earlier than was her wont. But before she did so she sent a message begging May not to absent herself from the house. For even in this wintry season May was in the habit of walking out every morning with the children whenever there came a gleam of good weather. Smithson, Mrs. Dormer-Smith's maid, who was charged with the message, volunteered to add, with a glance at May's plain morning frock.

"Mr. Bragg is expected, I believe, Miss."

"Very well, Smithson. Tell my aunt I will not go out without her permission."

Smithson still lingered. "Shall I—would you like me to lay out your grey merino, Miss?" she asked.

"Oh no, thank you!" answered May, opening her eyes in surprise. "If I do go out, it will only be to take a turn in the square with the children. This frock will do quite well."

Smithson retired. And then Harold, who was engaged in a somewhat languid struggle with a French verb, looked up savagely, and said,

"I hate Mr. Bragg."

Wilfred, seated at the table with a big book before him, which was supposed to convey useful knowledge by means of coloured illustrations, immediately echoed,

"I hate Mr. Bragg."

"Hush, hush! That will never do!" said May. "Little boys mustn't hate anybody. Besides, Mr. Bragg is a very good, kind man. Why should you dislike him?"

"Because he's going to take you away," answered Harold, slowly.

"Nonsense! I dare say Mr. Bragg will not ask to see me at all. And if he does, I shall not be away above a few minutes."

"Shan't you?" asked Harold, doubtfully.

"Of course not! What have you got into your head?"

"Yesterday, when they didn't think I was listening, I heard Smithson say to Cecile—"

May stopped the child decisively. "Hush, Harold! You know I never allow you to repeat the tittle-tattle of the nursery. And I am shocked to hear that you listened to what was not intended for your ears. That is not like a gentleman. You know we agreed that you are to be a real gentleman when you grow up—that is, a man of honour."

"I didn't listen!" cried Wilfred, eagerly.

"I am glad you did not."

"No, I didn't listen, Cousin May. I was in Cyril's room. Cyril gave me a long, long piece of string;—ever so long!"

May laughed. "Your virtue is not of a difficult kind, Master Willy! You never do any mischief that is quite out of your reach." Then, seeing that Harold looked still crest-fallen, she kissed his forehead, and said, kindly, "And Harold will not listen again. He did not remember that it is dishonourable."

The child was silent, with his eyes cast down on his lesson-book, for a while. Then he raised them, and looking searchingly at May, said, "I say, Cousin May, I mean to marry you when I grow up."

"And so do I!" said Wilfred, determined not to be outdone.

"Very well. But I couldn't think of marrying any one who did not know his French verbs. So you had better learn that one at once."

Harold's naturally rather dull and heavy face grew suddenly bright; and he settled himself to his lesson with a little shrug, and a shake like a puppy. "No; you wouldn't marry any one who didn't know French, would you?" said he, emphatically.

"And I know F'enç!" pleaded Wilfred.

"There now, be quiet, both of you, and let me finish my letter," said May. And there was nearly unbroken silence among them.

Meantime Mr. Bragg was having an interview with Mrs. Dormer-Smith. He had gradually made up his mind to put the same question to her that he had put to Mrs. Dobbs, namely, whether May were free to receive his proposals.

He could not help being uneasy about young Bransby's relations with May. Mrs. Dobbs, it was true, had denied that her granddaughter thought of him at all; and Mr. Bragg did not doubt Mrs. Dobbs's veracity. But he underrated her sagacity; or, rather, her opportunities for knowing the truth. She lived very much outside of May's world. She might divine the state of May's feelings, and yet be mistaken as to their object. The story he had heard of young Bransby's having been rejected by Miss Cheffington could not be true; for was not young Bransby a constant visitor at her aunt's house—frequenting it on a footing of familiarity—talking to May herself with a certain air of confidential understanding? He had observed this particularly during last night's dinner.

But if, on the other hand, the possibility of Mrs. Dobbs being mistaken on this question were once admitted, all sorts of other possibilities poured in after it as by a sluice-gate, and lifted Mr. Bragg's hopes to a higher level. At any rate, he resolved to take some decisive step. Time had been lost already. He had told Mrs. Dobbs that he was too old to trust to the day after to-morrow; and that was now three months ago! Hence his visit to Mrs. Dormer-Smith by appointment—an appointment made verbally the preceding evening, with the request that she would mention it to no one; least of all to Miss Cheffington.

Aunt Pauline was, of course, quite sure beforehand what was to be the subject of their conversation; and was not in the least surprised (although inwardly much elated) when Mr. Bragg broached it.

"Understand me, ma'am," said Mr. Bragg. "I only wish you to tell me truly whether, according to the best of your belief, Miss C.'s affections are engaged. I ask no questions beyond that. I don't want to pry."

"Engaged! Oh, dear no; I assure you—"

"Excuse me, ma'am. But I mean a little more than that," said Mr. Bragg, slightly hastening the steady stride of his speech, lest she should interrupt him again. "Of course, I don't expect you to be inside of your niece's heart. A deal of uncertainty must prevail in what you may call assaying any human being's feelings. You may use the wrong test for one thing. But ladies are keen observers; specially where they like—or, for the matter of that, dislike—any one very much. And what I want to know is this: Have you any reason to think Miss C. is in love with any one?"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith, who was listening with a bland smile, almost started at this crude inquiry. She felt the need of all her self-command to preserve that repose of manner which she considered essential to good breeding. But she answered gently, though firmly, "My dear Mr. Bragg, that is out of the question. My niece is entirely disengaged. A girl of her birth and breeding is not likely to entertain any vulgar kind of romance in secret!"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mr. Bragg. Then he added, pondering, "It might not be vulgar, though!"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith privately thought Mr. Bragg no competent judge of what might, or might not, be vulgar in a Cheffington. She merely replied, with a certain suave dignity, referring to a former speech of his, "Do I understand rightly that you desire to speak with Miss Cheffington yourself?"

"If you please, ma'am. Yes; I think I should like to go through with it."

"I will send for her to come here, Mr. Bragg."

She rang the bell and gave her orders; and during the pause which ensued, neither she nor Mr. Bragg spoke a word. He was absorbed in his own thoughts, and by no means as fully master of himself as usual. She was plaintively regretting that May had refused to change her morning frock for something more becoming. "Not that it can be of vital importance now," thought Mrs. Dormer-Smith, faintly smiling to herself, with half-closed eyes.

Presently the door opened, and May stood on the threshold.

"Come in, darling," said her aunt. "Mr. Bragg wishes to speak with you. And I will only assure you that he does so with my and your uncle's full knowledge and approbation." With that, Aunt Pauline glided into the back drawing-room, and withdrew by a door opening on to the staircase, which she shut behind her, immensely to May's surprise.

All at once a nameless dread came over the girl, chilling her like a cold wind. They had some bad news to give her of Owen! She turned suddenly so deadly pale as to startle Mr. Bragg; and looking up at him with piteous, frightened eyes, stammered faintly, "What is the matter?"

"Nothing at all! Nothing is the matter that need frighten you, my dear young lady. Lord bless me, you look quite scared!"

His genuine tone reassured her. And the colour began to return to lips and cheeks. But the wilful blood now rushed hotly into her face. Her second thought was, "They have found out my engagement to Owen!" And although this contingency could be confronted with a very different feeling, and with sufficient courage, yet she could not control the tell-tale blush.

"Just you set down, then, and don't worry yourself, Miss Cheffington," said Mr. Bragg. In his earnestness he reverted to the phraseology of his early days. "There's no hurry in the world. If you was startled, just you take your own time to come round."

"Thank you," answered May, dropping into the armchair he pushed forward.

"I'm very sorry to have alarmed you. I'm afraid I must be growing nervous! I never thought I should be able to lay claim to that interesting malady."

Although she smiled, and tried to speak playfully, she had really been shaken, and she profited by the advice, which Mr. Bragg repeated, to "sit still, and take her own time about coming round."

By-and-by she said, almost in her usual voice, "Will you not sit down, Mr. Bragg? I am quite ready to listen to you."

Mr. Bragg hesitated a moment. He would have preferred to stand. He would have felt more at his ease, so. But, looking down on the slight young figure before him, it occurred to him that it would be—in some vaguely-felt way—taking an unfair advantage of the girl to dominate her by his tall stature. So he brought himself nearer to her level by sitting down on an ottoman opposite, and not very near to her.

"I suppose," said he, after a little silence, during which he looked down with an intent and anxious frown at the floor, "I suppose you can't give a guess at what I'm going to say?"

May believed she had guessed it already. But she answered,

"I would rather not guess, please. I would rather that you told me."

"Well, perhaps it may simplify matters if I mention that I have had some conversation on the subject with Mrs. Dobbs."

"With Granny?" exclaimed May, looking full at him, in profound astonishment.

"Yes; it's some little while ago, now. Mrs. Dobbs spoke very straightforward, and very kind, too. But I'm bound to say she did not give me any encouragement."

May stared at him in a kind of fascination. She could not remove her eyes from his face. And she began to perceive a dreadful clear-sightedness dawning above the confusion of her thoughts.

Mr. Bragg was not looking at her. He was leaning a little forward, with his arms resting on his knees, and his hands loosely clasped together. He went on speaking in a ruminating way; sometimes emphasising his phrase by a slight movement from the wrist of his clasped hands, and as if he were, with some difficulty, reading off the words he was uttering from the Oriental rug at his feet.

"You see, Miss Cheffington, of course I'm aware there's a great difference in years. But that's not the biggest difference in reality. I don't believe myself that I'm so very much older in some ways than I was at five-and-twenty. I was always a steady kind of a chap, and I never had much to say for myself—never was what you might call lively, you know."

May sat spell-bound; looking at him fixedly, and with that dawn of clear-sightedness rapidly illuminating many things, to her unspeakable consternation.

"No; it isn't the years that make the biggest difference. I'm below you in education, of course, Miss Cheffington, and in a deal besides, no doubt. But I can be trusted to mean all I say—though I'm not able to say all I mean, by a long chalk."

As he said this he raised his eyes for the first time, and looked at her. She was still regarding him with the same fascinated, almost helpless, gaze. But when she met his clear, honest, grey eyes, with a wistful expression in them which was pathetically contrasted with the massive strength of his head and face, she was suddenly inspired to say,

"Please, Mr. Bragg, will you hear me? I want to tell you something before you—before you say any more. I think you are my friend, and if you don't mind, I should like to tell you a secret. May I?"

He nodded, keeping his eyes on her now steadily.

"Well I—I hope you will forgive me for troubling you with my confidence. I know you will respect it. If I had not such a high esteem and regard for you I—I could not say it." She stopped an instant, there was a choking feeling in her throat. She paused, mastered it, and went on. "I have promised to marry some one whom I love very much, and no one knows about it but Granny."

When she had spoken, she hid her hot face in her hands, and cried silently.

There was absolute stillness in the room for some minutes. At length she looked up and saw Mr. Bragg still sitting as before, with loosely clasped hands and downcast eyes. May rose to her feet, and said timidly, "I hope you are not angry with me for—for telling you?"

Mr. Bragg stood up also, and placing one broad, powerful hand on her head, as a father might have done, looked down gravely at her upturned face. "Angry! Lord bless you, my child, what must I be made of to be angry with you?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Bragg! And will you promise—but I know you will—not to betray me?"

He did not notice this question. His mind was working uneasily. He thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked to the other side of the room and back, before saying, "This person that you've promised to marry, is he one that your people here"—he jerked his head over his shoulder in the direction in which Mrs. Dormer-Smith had disappeared—"would approve of?"

"Oh, yes!" answered May. Then she added, not quite so confidently, "I think so. At any rate, I am very proud to be loved by him."

"And Mrs. Dobbs—?"

"Oh, of course, dear Granny thinks no one could be too good for me," said May, apologetically. "But she knows his worth."

"Will you please tell me how long Mrs. Dobbs has known of this?" asked Mr. Bragg, with a touch of sternness.

"Known? She knew, of course, as soon as I knew myself—on the twenty-seventh of last September," answered poor May, with damask-rose cheeks.

Mr. Bragg made a mental calculation of dates. His face relaxed; and he now replied to May's previous question. "Yes, of course, I'll promise not to say a word till you give me leave. Especially since Mrs. Dobbs knows all about it. Otherwise, you're young to guide yourself entirely in a matter so serious as this is."

She thanked him again, and dried some stray tear-drops that hung on her pretty eye-lashes.

He stood for a moment looking at her intently. But there was nothing in his gaze to startle her maiden innocence, or make her shrink from him; it was an honest, earnest, kindly, though melancholy look.

"Well," said he at last, "you're not so curious as some young ladies. You haven't asked me what it was I was going to say to you."

"I dare say it was nothing serious," she answered, quickly. "In any case I am quite sure you will say, and leave unsaid, all that is right."

"That's a—what you might call a pretty large order, Miss Cheffington. I'm an awkward brute sometimes, I dare say, but I'll tell you this much: If I don't say what I was going to say, it isn't from pride. I have had that feeling, but I haven't it now, in talking to you. No, it isn't from pride, but because I want you and me to be friends—downright good friends, you know. And, perhaps, it would be more agreeable for you not to have anything concerning me in your memory that you'd wish to be what you might call sponged out of the record. I appreciate your behaviour, Miss Cheffington. You acted generous, and like the noble-hearted young lady I've always thought you, when you told me that secret of yours. Why now—! Come, come, don't you fret yourself!" he exclaimed, softly, for the tears were again trickling down her cheeks.

"You are so—so very kind and good to me!" she said, brokenly.

"Lord bless me, what else could I be? There, there, don't you vex yourself by fancying me cast down or disappointed about anything in particular. A man doesn't come to my age without getting used to disappointments, big and little."

He took up his hat, and stopped her by a gesture as she moved towards the bell.

"No; don't ring, please! I've got an appointment in the City, and not much time to spare if I walk it. So I'll just let myself out quietly, without disturbing anybody. You can mention to your aunt that I shall have the honour of calling on her again very soon. Good-bye, Miss Cheffington."

May held out her hand. He touched it very lightly with his fingers, and then relinquished it silently.

"You are sure," she said, pleadingly, "you are quite sure you are not angry with me?"

"There ain't a many things I'm so sure of as I am of that," answered Mr. Bragg, in his ordinary quiet tones. And then he opened the door and was gone.

He went down the stairs, and through the hall, and into the street without being challenged. He shut the street door softly behind him, with a kind of instinct of escape; and marched away rather quickly, but square and steady as ever.

After a while he looked at his watch, hesitated, and finally hailed a hansom cab.

"Poultry! You can take it easy. I'm not in a hurry," he said to the driver, as he got into the vehicle.

Then Mr. Bragg leaned back, and began to think. He had a habit of frequently closing his eyes when meditating, and this habit it was which had impelled him to get into a cab, since a pedestrian in the streets of London could only indulge in it at the risk of his life; and Mr. Bragg had no—not even the most passing—temptation to suicide. He shut his eyes tight now, tilted his hat backward from his forehead, and reviewed the situation.

He had behaved very well to May, and was conscious of having behaved well to her; she deserved the best and most considerate treatment. But Mr. Bragg was no angel, and he was extremely angry with Mrs. Dormer-Smith. He felt some irritation (very unreasonably, as he would by-and-by acknowledge) against Mrs. Dobbs—she had been rather exasperatingly in the right. But Mrs. Dormer-Smith had been most exasperatingly in the wrong, and he was very angry with her. Why had she not confessed that she knew nothing at all about her niece's feelings? It was clear she was quite ignorant of them. She had only to say that she could not undertake to answer for May; that would at least have been honest!

"I dare say I might have spoken, all the same," Mr. Bragg admitted to himself. "I think I should. I'd got to that point where a man *must* know for himself what the answer is to that question, and when 'likely' or 'unlikely' won't serve his turn. But I could ha' managed different. I needn't have looked like a Tomnoddy. Trotted out there—making a reg'lar show of a man; not a doubt but what that flunkie knew all about it. Woman's a fool!"

Mr. Bragg's indignation rolled off like thunder in these broken growlings. And beneath it all—deeper than all—there lay an aching sorrow. It would not break his heart, as he knew; it might not even spoil his dinner; but it was a real sorrow, nevertheless. In the moment of assuring him that he must not hope to win her, May had seemed to him better worth winning than ever; her soft touch had opened a long sealed-up spring of tenderness. There was some rough poetry within him, none the less pathetic because he knew thoroughly, sensitively, how unable he was to give it expression, and how ridiculous the mere suggestion of his trying to do so would seem to most people. He resolutely refrained as much as possible from letting his mind busy itself with these hidden feelings; his very thoughts seemed to hurt them at that moment.

He preferred to nurse his wrath against Mrs. Dormer-Smith, and to resent her having betrayed him into an undignified position. Mr. Bragg had been prosperous and powerful for many years, and the sense of being balked was very irksome to him; more irksome, than in the days of his poverty, when youth and hope were elastic, and battle seemed a not unwelcome condition of existence.

But before he reached the end of his eastward journey Mr. Bragg began to speculate about the man whom May loved. In spite of Mrs. Dobbs' emphatic denial, he could not dismiss the idea that Theodore Bransby was the man. He had gathered the impression that Mrs. Dobbs did not like Theodore, and he remembered May's deprecating words, "Granny would not think any one too good for me!" which seemed to indicate that Mrs. Dobbs had not hailed the engagement with rapture. Thinking over the dates, he concluded quite correctly—that May's lover, whoever he might be, had declared himself not long after his (Bragg's) interview with Mrs. Dobbs. Now, Theodore Bransby had been in Oldchester at that time, as he well remembered.

Why Theodore, if it were he, should keep his engagement secret from the Dormer-Smiths, was not easily explicable. But Mr. Bragg knew the young man's political projects; and it might be that Theodore would wish to approach May's family armed with all the importance which a successful electoral campaign would give him. One thing Mr. Bragg felt tolerably sure of: that Aunt Pauline would regret acutely the declension from a nephew-in-law with fifty thousand a-year, to one whose income did not count as many hundreds! It was, perhaps, rather agreeable to Mr. Bragg

to think of this. It was certainly a comfort to him to be able to dislike May's lover on independent grounds. He had always entertained an antipathy towards the young man. And, however sincere and tender his interest in May Cheffington might be, it did not modify, by a hair's breadth, his opinion of young Bransby.

"And, after all, it may not be him!" said Mr. Bragg, reflectively and ungrammatically. "But if it isn't him, it can't be anybody I know."

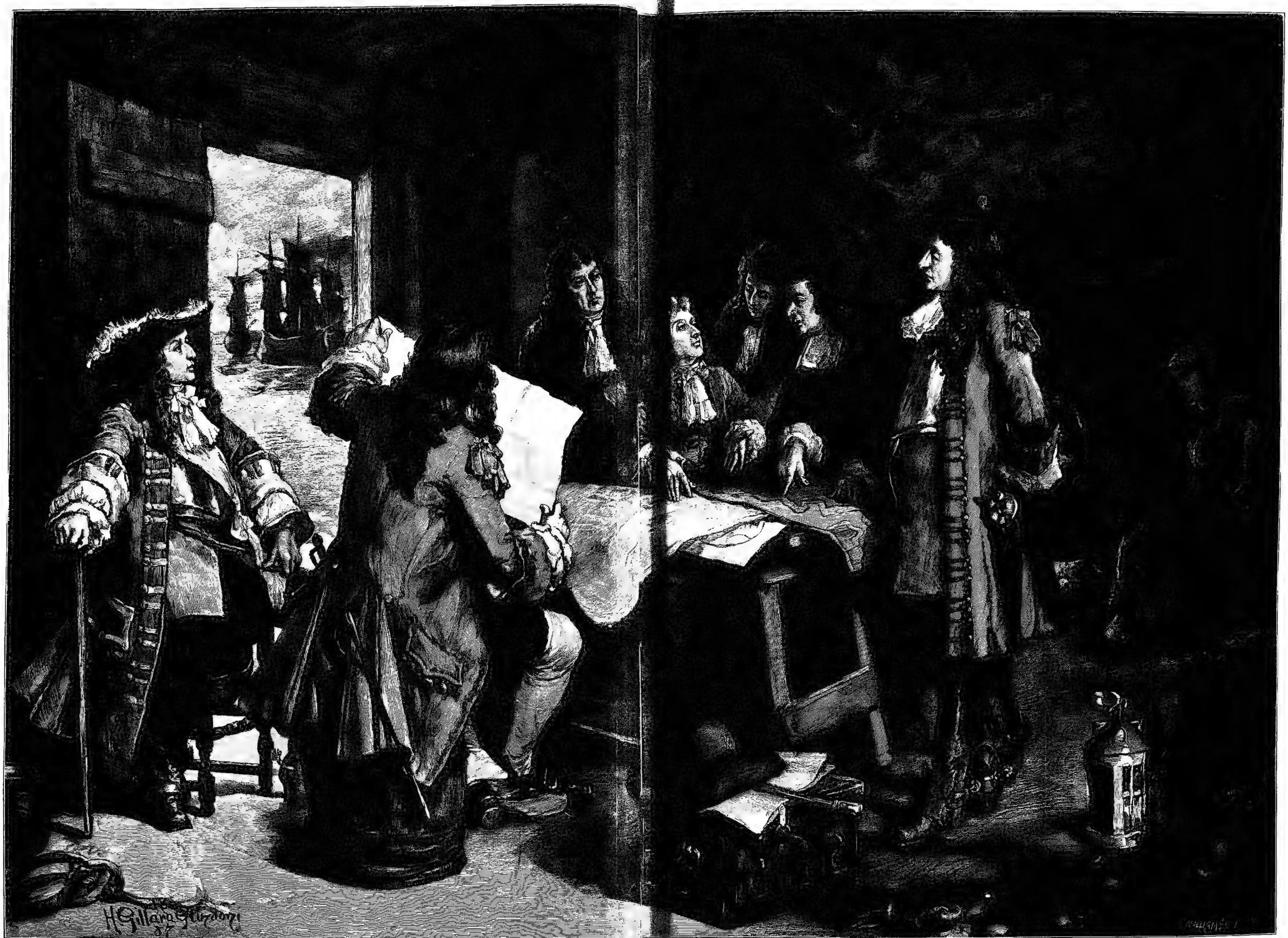
The person he had appointed to meet in the City was an Oldchester man; and when the business part of their interview was concluded, he said to Mr. Bragg, "There's bad news from Combe Park. Haven't you heard? Oh; why they say Mr. Lucius Cheffington can't live many days. So that scamp, What's-his-name, the nephew, will come in for it all. The old lord's awfully savage, I'm told. Shouldn't wonder if it baiks young Bransby's hopes of getting his seat. Old Castlecombe won't like paying election expenses for him now. Great pity! He's a very rising young man, and a credit to Oldchester."

(To be continued)



ONCE more a great addition has been made to the authoritative works from which some future historian will derive his material for a history of this century. We have before us, edited by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, "The Life of the Right Honourable Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe" (2 vols.: Longmans). The editor has had access to the memoirs and private and official papers of the Great Eltchi. The greater part of the first volume consists of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's "Memoirs," which he only began to write when he reached his eightieth year. It is a pity that he set aside as trivial most of those passing impressions and recollections with which so many memoirs are filled, and which go so much to redeem from baldness and deadness our conceptions of the past. As Mr. Lane-Poole observes, "It is impossible to help regretting that one who lived through the stirring years of the Napoleonic war, and who remained for half a century in communication with the chief statesmen of Europe, did not consider even the trivialities of his intercourse with such men worth registering." The following, however, taken from the first volume, shows clearly what manner of man Sheridan was:—"One of the Canning boys had his head broken while playing at quoits with Tom Sheridan. Bleeding was considered essential, but the boy obstinately resisted the operation. Sheridan himself came to the bed-side, and by the promise of a pony induced him to submit. It was a great success. Resistance ceased. The arm was held out; phlebotomy triumphed. Promise answered its purpose so completely that *performance would have been superfluous*. The pony never appeared." Stratford once heard Sheridan speak in the Commons, and was deeply impressed by his commanding tones, though the composition of his speech was embarrassed. Many years afterwards, while he was conversing with his cousin George at the Board of Control, a note was brought in from Sheridan, then at death's door. It begged for the loan of 200*l.*, and enclosed an I.O.U. for the amount, "as you know my delicacy in such matters." Canning wrote the cheque and threw the I.O.U. into the fire. The last recollection of all is curious. "Stratford was one day examining a collection of skulls in Deville's shop in the Strand. One skull struck him as familiar, and he exclaimed, 'Surely this is Sheridan's, and it was.' The subject of this memoir was diplomatically engaged at the Congress of Vienna. He was in 1814 only twenty-eight years old. His impressions of Talleyrand are not without interest. 'Talleyrand's manner,' he says in a letter to his mother, 'is pleasing and gentlemanlike. His voice is low and monotonous. His address is awkward from his lameness, but not embarrassed. His countenance is almost always the same; impassive, yet by no means wanting intelligence. It may be prejudice, but one fancies that a great deal may be seen working under the surface. It puts me in mind of a rapid stream, frozen over smoothly and transparently enough to show the current without discovering its bottom. If he were any one else, one would believe him amiable; and if one had never seen him by the side of a pretty woman, one might fancy him a man of great insensibility or self-control. Even when he talked to his niece, who is called a beauty here, there is something, notwithstanding the placidity of his face, most wickedly searching and sensual in his eye. His thoughts seem always at his disposal. He enters readily and good-naturedly into any ordinary subject, makes commonplace remarks, generally with a moral tendency, tells a sober anecdote, and listens in his turn. His appearance is quizzical. Besides his spindle legs and twisted ankles, which oblige him to walk in semicircles, not unlike a bad skater, he wears a monstrous coat, and a wig of natural hair in proportion, frizzed with great care, discovering rather coquettishly a part of his forehead, descending solemnly and profusely over his ears, and terminating, I think, in a pigtail behind." Mr. Lane-Poole, by judiciously placing the letters in their proper position among the "Memoirs," renders the narrative continuous, as well as full. Of course the main dramatic interest of the work groups itself about the long duel between the Czar Nicholas and the Great Eltchi, which culminated in the Crimean War. The two volumes are instructively hopeless as to the "Unspeakable Turk," while the letterpress makes clear how intellectually and morally strong Stratford Canning was, the three portraits prove his physical fitness to be the splendid representative of a Great Power.

If Mr. Caine's constituents and friends at Barrow-in-Furness read his "Trip Round the World in 1887-8" (Routledge), they will learn a great deal that is useful and entertaining, not only about the "realm on which the sun never sets," but other strange climes and peoples as well. Probably they have read his volume already, as the author tells us that it consists of a reprint of letters addressed to the *Barrow News*. Mr. Caine gives a list of the fares he paid, starting with his first fare from Liverpool to Montreal (Allan Line), 18*l.* 18*s.*, to his last fare from Brindisi to London (by rail) 12*l.* 8*s.*, the total making 22*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.* He finds now, however, that Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons can supply through tickets, covering all the journeys, for 15*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*, so that if the Member for Barrow had booked through at starting, he would have saved 6*l.* on each of his fares, as Miss Caine went with him. This is a fact well worth knowing by those who contemplate globe-trotting. Furthermore, it is wise to have a small medicine-chest. Ships' doctors are often very young and inexperienced, and in out-of-the-way places native doctors are not to be trusted, and the drugs are bad. Generally a six months' tour round the world, according to our author, can be done economically, travelling first-class throughout, for about 35*l.*, luxuriously (with exclusive cabins) for 42*l.* to 45*l.* Mr. Caine gives it as his experience that none of the trans-continental railways of the United States can compare with the Canadian Pacific either for beauty of scenery or comfort in travel. Mr. Caine describes Japan very pleasantly. He was agreeably impressed with the inhabitants as a nation of tea-drinkers. Still, it will require all their abstemiousness to reconcile the Barrow Mrs. Grundy to the following:—"At the back of every tea-house is a pretty little garden, with a large bath-house containing tubs of hot and cold water. The Japanese are as scrupulously clean in their persons as in their houses, and often wash all over two or three times a day. The



"A COUNCIL OF WAR AFTER THE BATTING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE"
FROM THE PICTURE BY H. GILLARD (1888), EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

room in which we had our dinner looked out upon the large open window of the bath-house, in which three men and two women were tubbing, with that absolute disregard of decency which characterised our common parents before the Fall, when they were naked and not ashamed. Later on in the evening, as I was passing to my room, one of the waitresses, in the costume of Eve, made me a most profound bow, wishing me good-night." "A Trip Round the World" is adorned with a lot of capital illustrations, in which the author and his daughter figure, and so will convince the most sceptical of mankind that we have here no "mere travellers' tales." There is, however, no picture of Eve's daughter wishing Mr. Caine good-night.

Apart from its merit as a narrative of sport, "Scottish Moors and Indian Jungles" (Hurst and Blackett), by Captain J. T. Newall (late Indian Staff Corps), has a quite pathetic interest of its own. When the author was riding in India, many years ago, his horse reared, fell back with him underneath, and left him with a fractured spine. He eventually recovered his health to a great extent, but remained quite paralysed in the lower limbs, and from that day to this has been quite unable to walk, or even stand. An active man, and devoted to field-sports, Captain Newall at first thought that he must be debarred from his former pleasures. He tells us how he conquered what would have seemed to most men an insuperable difficulty. "I fished a little," he writes, "from a well-cushioned wheel-chair, at accessible places in the Lake Country. Then I got bolder, and tried some of the Sutherlandshire lakes, and either killed a salmon in the River Shin, all either from a chair or from a stretcher, on which I reclined in a boat." Waxing bolder still, he devised an iron framework chair, in which he could be carried with poles. "With one man in the shafts, so to speak, in front," goes on Captain Newall, "and one similarly placed behind, with two, one on each side, to assist the latter, he having the principal weight, I can manage to ascend high hills and get carried to places and over ground quite inaccessible to a pony. In fine, I shoot over dogs, and even stalk deer with success, though, of course, it is shooting under difficulties." Those who read this book will find that a sad misfortune in no way deprives Captain Newall's style of brightness and vivacity.

A valuable and instructive book is "Industrial Rivers of the United Kingdom" (Fisher Unwin). The rivers treated of here are the Thames, Mersey, Tyne, Wear, Clyde, Taff, Avon, Southampton Water, the Hartlepools, Humber, Neath, Port Talbot and Caermarthen, the Liffey, Usk, Tees, Severn, Wyre, and Lagan. The different articles of which this volume is composed were written at first for the *Shipping World* by acknowledged authorities, such as Mr. James Deas, the able and well-known engineer of the Clyde, and Mr. Consul Lathrop, of Bristol, selected by the editor of the *Shipping World*. The chapters are not confined to the commerce and industries which characterise the great rivers; the history of each stream is traced from the earliest times. The foundation of the trade and manufactures which distinguish the several ports and districts are noticed; and the improvement of the rivers and harbours, and the development of the trade and commerce up to the latest possible period, are dealt with at length. "Industrial Rivers" is a handbook to be studied by every one who takes more than a perfunctory interest in the commercial greatness of the country.

A distinguished tenor modestly reveals himself to his countrymen in "Sims Reeves: His Life and Recollections, Written by Himself" (Simpkin, Marshall). The opening chapter is original in its way. It describes a shocking murder, which is thrilling enough, but, except that it affords a sensational beginning for the book, has nothing whatever to do with what follows. Mr. Reeves' musical admirers will find much here to please them. He however informs us, at the close, that he only takes temporary leave of his readers. "Whatever I may do," he says at the end, "in the domains of song, I propose during the Jubilee year of my professional career as a vocalist—1889—to enlarge these reminiscences with, I hope, increased interest to my friends." This volume will give pleasure to many folk, none the less because they may anticipate a further treat next year.

A very neat, useful little book is Mr. E. A. Reynolds Ball's "Mediterranean Winter Resorts: a Practical Handbook to the Principal Health and Pleasure Resorts on the Shores of the Mediterranean" (Upton Gill). The author very wisely gives especial prominence to such things as hotel prices, expenses of living, amusements, society, sport, climate, and hygienic conditions of each winter resort. Moreover, the text is strictly confined to descriptions of the principal winter stations, to the exclusion of all other towns, however important, which the traveller passes in his journey South. Still, Mr. Ball does not forget the requirements of ordinary tourists and travellers, who will find this volume an admirable guide in their journeys.

Mr. Alexander Ireland gives us a fifth edition of "The Book-Lover's Enchiridion: a Treasury of Thoughts on the Solace and Companionship of Books, Gathered from the Writings of the Greatest Thinkers, from Cicero, Petrarch, and Montaigne to Carlyle, Emerson, and Ruskin" (Simpkin, Marshall). It is the result of literary selections made in the course of a wide and varied reading of over fifty years. No book-lover should be without this treasury of great and nobly expressed thinking.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons publish an instalment of "Contemporary German Art, as Illustrated by Paintings Exhibited at the Centenary Festival of the Royal Berlin Academy of Arts, 1886." It will contain, when complete, one hundred and forty photogravures. The descriptive text of Ludwig Pietsch is translated for the work by N. d'Anvers. Part I. contains some really beautiful specimens of the art of photogravure from paintings.



ALICE MANGOLD DIEHL's new novel, "Fire" (2 vols. : Ward and Downey), is a decidedly clever story of the sensational class, in which the characters are drawn in strong colours and bold outline. The incidents are striking, and nobody can complain of them on the score of their lacking number or variety. Naturally, probability is treated with corresponding courage, as in a work of this sort it ought to be, so long as the courage is confined to situations and incidents, and not extended to human nature—an offence of which the writer of so many admirable novels of character is the last to be guilty. Indeed, it is an especially noticeable feature in her present novel that one realises and believes in her characters almost in proportion as the relations in which they find themselves are unlikely. In short, "Fire" is a very excellent blend of romance with reality, each element enhancing the flavour of the other. We should have preferred to find a little more decision of drift or purpose, so that the situations might seem to grow from one another in a less hap-hazard manner. But this does not materially affect the general interest; and the authoress is as skilful as ever in her portraiture of passion.

"Hartas Maturin," by H. F. Lester (3 vols. : Bentley and Son), is the curious title of an exceedingly curious and decidedly interesting romance, of the ultra-psychological school. Whether seriously or not, it is based upon the notion of the continuation, in fresh human bodies, of unfinished lives. A physician, his wife's murderer, engages himself, in after-life, to a girl who proves to be the inheritor of his first wife's soul—a sufficiently striking and

original, not to say ghastly, conception. That Mr. Lester has proved himself alive to all its capabilities, we cannot say; but he has at any rate treated it with skill and vigour, if with less than mastery. The principal blemish upon his work is that he overdoes what we suppose we must not call the supernatural element. His sage, Bastian, is a striking figure, whose conversation is not unworthy of the idea we are intended to have of him. But when, by an exercise of his will, he stops an express train in full career, we feel disposed to think but little of him, after all, in comparison with the magicians of the "Arabian Nights," and feel conscious of some lack of science about even the transmigration of souls. Such stories as these gain in proportion as the mysterious element is narrowed and isolated—nothing is strange where everything is wonderful. Still it is a great deal to say that we look upon the author's hint that we have not yet heard the last of Bastian not as a threat, but as a welcome promise. The novel is, despite its roughness and lack of proportion, far and away above the average, not only of the psychological novel—which is not saying very much—but of novels of plot and character.

Mr. D. Christie Murray's "The Weaker Vessel" (3 vols. : Macmillan and Co.), is a novel of more conventional plot and construction than is usually the case with his stories. The theatrically-fiendish woman who does her best, with or without intention, to spoil the life of the man who married her in a fit of folly, has little novelty in point of either character or situation; while the influence of Dickens in his serious moods over Mr. Murray's style and method is brought out in a much too-pronounced degree. It is impossible to forget Pip and David Copperfield in their relation to John Denham, who tells the story of his friend and hero Walter Pole. Mr. MacIlray, with his catch-phrase, is Dickens pure and simple—in short, we are too consistently kept in an atmosphere which one does not care to breathe at second hand. For the rest, the story has a fair amount of interest, and its tone is manly and healthy, especially in the manner in which it deals with women. Even Walter Pole's degraded wife is touched with an amount of chivalry; and the sex at large could not wish for a better representative than Mary Delamere. The author is by no means at his best in "The Weaker Vessel"; but this is probably due to the choice of a commonplace plot, and to his working it out in an uncongenially unpicturesque and conventional class of society.

The author of "The Astonishing History of Troy Town" (1 vol. : Cassell and Co.), though he calls himself simply "Q.", is not—as the literary world has been widely warned—to be confused with a longer and better known employer of the same initial. It is satisfactory for both, however, that "Q." the elder has no reason to be ashamed of the work of "Q." the younger. The history of Troy Town, in which it is exceedingly easy to recognise a certain ancient Cornish seaport, is an exceedingly bright and lively sketch of local character and society, hung together by a plot which belongs to farce rather than to comedy. Altogether the humour of the volume has an old-fashioned breadth and a homeliness about it which are decidedly refreshing. It is quite possible to laugh, and not merely smile, over many parts of this "astonishing history"—and of how many stories can that be said, of all which have been published during many years? A feature of the book is its introduction, through an eccentric seafaring man as their mouthpiece, of comically quaint local anecdotes which must assuredly have been collected at first hand. Altogether the "History" is to be cordially recommended to all who want to be amused, and, it must be added, nothing more. But then the assurance of amusement is a great deal.

What benefit is to be gained by reading Georges Ohnet's "Volonte" in an English translation ("Will" : 1 vol. : Vizetelly and Co.) is very difficult to discover. Of course the charm of style, which is half the battle, is lost, and persons who do not know enough French to read it in the original will certainly fail to appreciate it in other ways. They will not even get that for which, we presume, people mostly go to translations of French novels. The atmosphere, no doubt, is of the familiar sort, but M. Ohnet is no "realist," and the morality of "Volonte," apart from its atmosphere, is irreproachable. It contains one or two dramatic situations, which give the original work its value. But they are not so great as to compensate for the uninteresting and hackneyed character of their setting. The translation is little likely to suit any tastes; of whatever sort they may be.



We have already had a taste of yellow fogs, and may look for more to follow, hence it behoves us to adopt warm materials and bright colourings to counteract the effects of the gloomy weather. This is the month when breakfast gowns are most comfortable, whether it be for the domesticated mother of a large family or the wealthy and luxurious woman of fashion. For the former there are many varieties of flannels soft in texture. It is well to ascertain before making it up that the flannel is unshrinkable, as nothing is more provoking than to find a garment unfit to wear the first time it returns from the cleaner's or the washerwoman. Brocaded flannels or serges, a dark ground, with black, white, or self-coloured figures, are most suitable for matrons, whilst for the young people a plain serge or flannel of terra-cotta, mulberry, chestnut, dark red, slate-grey, or myrtle-green looks stylish trimmed with bands, one or three, according to the width, round the hem, up the front, on the collar, and cuffs; the so-called "robes," which are sold with the trimmings ready to put on, are very useful for breakfast-gowns, which, by the way, should be made to put on at once, without any complications of buttons and other fanciful trimmings, for nothing is more trying on a cold, dark morning than, when the benumbed fingers have arrived at the end of a long row of closely-set buttons, it is discovered that one hole has been missed just below the throat, and the whole must be refastened. For these utility gowns the most comfortable method of making them is with a yoke, plain or smocked, arranged at the back in triple pleats, gathered in the front, and fastened with a band at the waist. More dressy gowns are made, some with embroidered collars and cuffs, and others with velvet facings and trimmings. The line of demarcation between breakfast and tea-gowns is that, as a rule, the former are more simply made and of woollen materials, whilst for the latter nothing is considered too rich and costly.

Three very elegant tea-gowns were recently made for wedding tresses. One was of the blue shade known as jay-colour velvet, with a long square train, lined throughout with pale canary-coloured satin, the front quite straight, turned back about five inches, to show a waistcoat and tablier of canary-coloured brocaded silk; tight-fitting satin sleeves; wide hanging sleeves of velvet, trimmed with wide dark blue and gold *passementerie* collar and cuffs to match. The second was of heliotrope silk damask, with a bold pattern of pomegranates, outlined in silver; a petticoat of heliotrope satin veiled in *point d'Alençon*; loose scarf front of the same lace, carried across the front from the right shoulder to the hem on the left side, gathered at the waist and half way down the skirt with bows of silver gauze ribbon; a light silver fringe at the end; damask sleeves slashed with satin, a Medici collar of silver gauze. The third was of pale-grey fine-corded poplin, trimmed with sable.

Fur will be worn more than ever this winter both for morning and evening dress. Equally fashionable are the ostrich feather

trimmings, which are much used for mantles, boas, and muffs. Astrakan is also in favour. Amongst the numerous variations of the genus plush is *velours du Nord*, a very rich and effective material, which will be much worn this season. *Passementerie* of the most costly description is worn both for dresses and mantles; some of the sets made to match the colourings of the costumes for which they are intended are veritable works of Art.

Those of our readers who cannot afford to indulge in such expensive trimmings but are clever *brodeuses* will find ample scope for originality with their needles, as hand-embroidery is very fashionable. A very stylish costume was recently made, every stitch of which was set by its fair owner. The skirt was of myrtle-green velvet, quite plain; over it was worn a polonaise of biscuit-coloured faced cloth, open in the front and on both sides; a border of ivy-leaves in shaded chenille, which was carried round all the openings; cuffs and collar to match.

Another effective costume was of blue-grey cloth embroidered in a design of hazel nuts and faded leaves. There is no end to the variations which can be produced on this style; a clever artist can make her own designs, and secure her costume from too close imitation.

"Armure Royale" is one of the latest productions in silk; cloaks and mantles are, as a rule, very long and ample, for tall people they are very becoming, but those of small stature look as though they were smothered, hence they should keep to the small graceful mantles with short *basques* at the back, and long square ends in the front, or to the ever popular short jacket in sealskin, velvet, or cloth, trimmed with fur or feathers. The cloth jackets are handsomely braided *à la militaire*. A fine, soft corduroy has again made its appearance, and is used for waistcoats and underskirts.

Both for bonnets and hats, velvet is the material most in vogue, soft felt is also much worn; the newest shapes for hats have very wide brims; they are worn somewhat at the back of the head; under the brim are ruches of ostrich trimming, whilst outside are birds, both great and small, by the half-dozen or more. Pointed crowns are quite out of fashion, some of the crowns are so low as to interfere with the *coiffures* of their wearers: large ribbon and velvet bows have increased in height and breadth. There are some quiet and natty little hats, especially for travelling; they are of the form which used to be known as "boat shape," with a moderate brim, the same width all round, either in straw or soft felt, black, brown, green, blue, or stone colour, trimmed with soft silk or gauze puffs in front, and a long end at the back, which is to be wound once or twice round the throat, a pen feather standing up on the crown. Very stylish bonnets are made of cloth to match the dress, but, simple-looking as they are, some skill is required to prevent them from seeming clumsy. Velvet, jet, and gold embroidery are combined to make very attractive and becoming bonnets.

Although the London season does not actually commence until after Christmas, there are numerous balls and carpet-dances in prospect already, both in town and country. We have seen many very charming toilettes for evening wear, some of them prepared for the coming civic festivities.

A new and very handsome material comes from Paris, where it is styled "Brocart Ecorce"—a very apt name, for it has the appearance of bark, and has a velvety surface which looks remarkably rich. Another French material is a brocaded damask, with a flat design outlined with crimped silk in relief. This costly material, which is made in all colours, is used for the train and back of the dress, over satin or embroidered gauze; it looks remarkably handsome in cream, very pale pink, or blue, with embroidered tablier of *crêpe de soie*. Nothing can be prettier for a young girl than this soft and pliable material, *crêpe de soie*, it hangs in such soft folds, and does not crush easily. Tulle and net, plain and figured, sometimes with lines of silver or gold running through them, or with delicate designs in pale colours, are worn, but the majority prefer white to any colour, however pale.

A very elegant dress for a *soirée* came recently from Paris for a young married lady. It was of the most delicate pink *crêpe de Chine*, with a band of light gimp on the plain skirt and on the full drapery, which was folded over the front of the waist; on the left side were loops of *moiré* ribbon; the bodice was made with a high saddle to the throat, finely honeycombed, gathered at the waist with a few fluted folds, to represent a low bodice; gathered sleeves from the elbow to the wrist.



CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—"Five Love Songs" from Heinrich Heine's "Lyrisches Intermezzo" have been set to music by Arthur A. M. Layard in a graceful and musicianly manner, which will please cultivated taste. The English translation by "M. A. C." is more than usually good. All admirers of the gifted German poet will have read and appreciated this group of poems: "Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai," "Aus Meinen Thränen Spriesen," "Die Rose, Die Lilie, Die Taube, Die Sonne," "Wenn Ich In Deine Augen Seh," and "Dein Angesicht so Lieb und Schön."—Two clever and well-written songs, words translated from the Spanish by W. Cullen Bryant, music by Gerard F. Cobb, are "A Spanish Lullaby" and "A Spanish Lament." Both are quaint and original, and well worthy the attention of singers of refined taste. There is a charming *ad libitum* part for the violoncello to each one.—"Suite in D major," by G. St. George, consisting of "Preludio," "Alemania," "Aria," "Bourée," "Passepied," and "Giga," displays much technical skill. They are arranged in seven different forms, from the full orchestra to a trio for two violins and piano.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND SONS.—Nos. 49 and 50 of "The Diamond Music Books," those marvels of cheapness and excellence combined, are respectively, "One Hundred Catches and Canons" for three and four voices; and "Fifty-One Old English Songs" (second selection). Both these numbers will provide a large fund of enjoyment and amusement for Christmas-tide.—"Boosey's Instrumental Library" (No. 103) is "An Album of New and Popular Music for the Cornet"; it contains sixteen well-tried favourites.—The same may be said of "The Banjo Album" (of modern songs), arranged by Harry Sykes. In these days we often meet with really good performers on the banjo beyond the circle of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels and their imitators.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Marcia's Song," words by Pakenham Beatty, music by Albertine H. Dowling, is a graceful composition from an unknown tragedy, entitled "Marcia." If this is a specimen of the work, we may hope to see more of it at some future time (The Modern Press, Paternoster Row).—The words by Clarence Walker, and the music by C. Paston Cooper, of "When Shadows Lengthen" are both replete with sentiment. This song is published in three keys (Messrs. B. Hollis and Co.)—A simple little love-ditty is "Forget If You Can," words and music by M. S. Barron (Messrs. Hutchings and Romer).—"Shoulder to Shoulder," a quick march, by Carl Kiefert, has already made its mark at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and now appears as a stirring piece for the pianoforte (Messrs. Howard and Co.).—The monthly part of "Musical Bits" meets the requirements of the most limited purses. It is a marvel of cheapness; it contains forty-five pieces, including songs sacred and secular, together with dance-music for the pianoforte and the violin (Savoy House, Strand).



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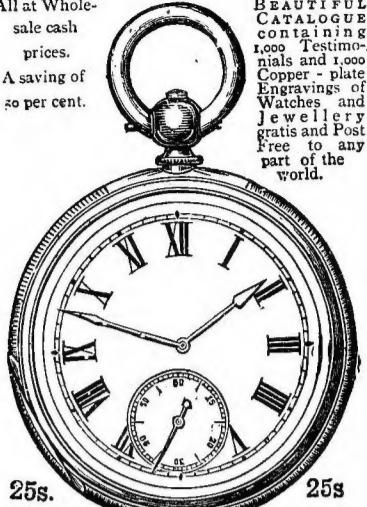
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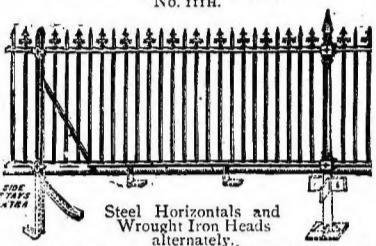
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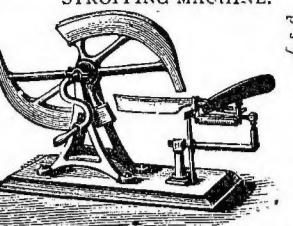
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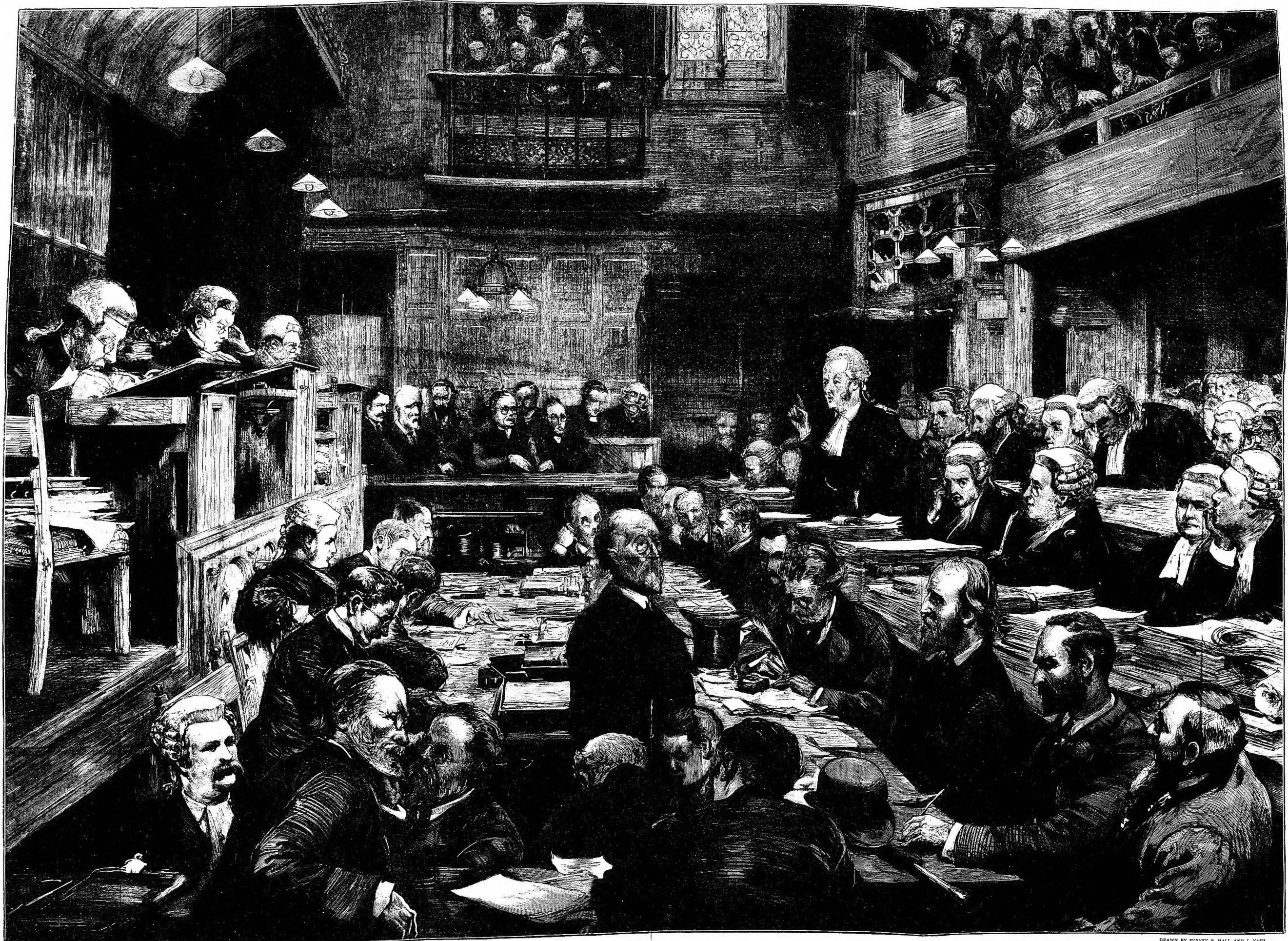
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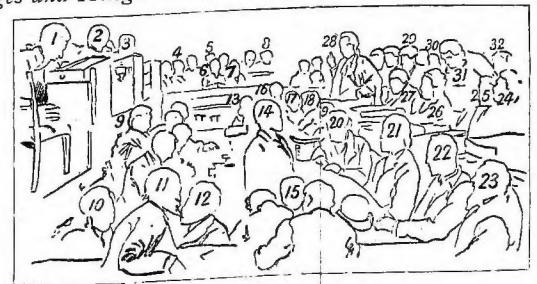
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